The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 127. Vol. XXII. APRIL, 1902. Price Sixpence.

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* April *will be noticed in the* May *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th May *in the* June *number.*

News Notes.

We understand that the setting up of the life of Dr. Martineau has been entrusted to the American publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Co., and has already been begun. When completed, a set of plates will be sent to this country. The work will be published in two volumes by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. in the autumn. The first volume, which will contain Dr. Martineau's theological correspondence, will be written by Principal Drummond, and the section dealing with his philosophy by Professor Upton. Both volumes will be of very considerable length. This is necessary in dealing with a life of ninety-five years and almost ceaseless labour. It is proposed to include four photogravure portraits, and possibly an additional volume of correspondence will be issued later on.

Mr. S. R. Gardiner left, we understand, only a small fraction of the next volume of his History in anything like finished shape, and the duty devolving on Mr. Firth will practically amount to writing the whole history up to the death of Cromwell, which Mr. Gardiner had latterly fixed as the limit of his own work. It is not accurate to say that Mr. Firth has been appointed Mr. Gardiner's literary executor, but the actual result will amount to much the same thing, for he alone can advise the Camden Society with regard to the work which Mr. Gardiner had undertaken for it. The result will be to delay the great history of the reign of Charles II., for which Mr. Firth has been preparing.

Mrs. Harrison (Lucas Malet) is already at work on a new novel, and hopes to have it ready for publication in the autumn of next year.

Mr. Richard Bagot, author of "Casting of Nets," has been living during the winter in Rome, where the scene of the new book he is now writing is to be laid.

Owing to the illness of Mr. Henry James, the publication of his new novel, "The Wings of the Dove," has been postponed for some months.

The appointment of Mr. Leslie Stephen as Ford Lecturer at Oxford for 1902 will, it is hoped, result in the production of one of the Eighteenth Century Studies of which he is the greatest master. His six predecessors, Mr. Gardiner, Professor Maitland, Mr. Wylie, the Master of Peterhouse, Mr. Firth, and Mr. Plummer, have fully justified the application of Mr. Ford's bequest to this purpose, and Mr. Leslie Stephen will not fail to maintain the prestige of the Lectureship.

Mrs. Everard Cotes does not, as recently stated, leave India for good in April. Mrs. Cotes will spend the coming summer in Simla, as usual, returning to England in November for the winter only.

At the annual meeting of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, Limited, where a dividend of seven per cent. on the preference shares was declared, it was mentioned that the sale of Carlyle's works was now very small. On the other hand, Dickens fully maintained his marvellous popularity—is more popular, indeed, than even Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli. Mr. Arthur Waugh has been appointed managing director of the firm. His record as author and as publisher justifies the best hopes for his success in his new position. The turnover of Messrs. Chapman and Hall, though slightly affected by the prevailing depression last year, is much higher than it was a few years ago.

Mr. James Douglas, the assistant editor of the *Star*, is to contribute the articles on Blake and Swinburne to the new edition of Chambers' Encyclopædia of English Literature. Mr. Douglas, whose reputation as a critic is steadily rising, is also a contributor to the *Athenæum*. He was the author of the fine study of W. B. Yeats which appeared in a recent number of that journal.

Mr. Bullen, formerly of Lawrence and Bullen, and well known for his scholarly work in English literature, is writing a play in which we understand Miss Elizabeth Robins will have a leading part.

A considerable part of Dr. Stopford Brooke's book on Browning is in print, but as Dr. Brooke proposes to write further on the later work of Browning, its publication is postponed to the autumn. Dr. Brooke is now in very fair health, and intends to preach on

Sunday mornings during the summer in Little Portland Street Chapel, the scene of the ministry of James Martineau.

We note with interest that the MS. of "The Chaplain of the Fleet" was the only one of the books written by Besant and Rice which appeared in the recent sale of Sir Walter's library at Sotheby's.

We hear that "Q." (Mr. A. T. Quiller-Couch) is to contribute a new serial story to *Cassell's Magazine*, to follow one from the pen of the ever-popular author of that delightful story, "The Honour of Savelli."

Mr. William Stead, son of Mr. W. T. Stead, is assisting Mr. John Morley with his life of Gladstone in a secretarial capacity. It is still uncertain when the biography will be published, but Mr. Morley says that he now discerns a glimpse of light at the end of the tunnel.

Can any reader give us authoritative information as to the date of the poems in "Asolando"? It has been stated on good authority that the book is a collection of poems written during the author's life, and that some of them are earlier than "Paracelsis." It would be very interesting to know the exact facts on the subject.

Mr. Robert S. Rait, Fellow of New College, Oxford, has undertaken to write the biography of Lord Gough. He has been put in full possession of the materials, which are particularly full and interesting.

Professor W. M. Ramsay, of Aberdeen, hopes to have ready for publication in the autumn the first volume of his exhaustive life of St. Paul, and a small book on the "Education of Christ."

Mr. Julian Ralph, the genial war correspondent, contributes to the New York *Mail and Express* an article on Log-Rolling in English Criticism. He is of opinion that it prevails universally, that it is a "drugging, crippling, degrading policy," that it is "this very poison which has produced the inanities called weekly newspapers in Great Britain, the which are bought only for their pictures, and do not and cannot afford to employ a single great writer among them all, and are not to be compared with such more frank and virile publications as our *Harper's*, *Collier's*, and *Leslie's*."

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack will publish this month Mr. F. G. Kitton's Life of Charles Dickens. From the wealth of material at his command, Mr. Kitton has gathered together a number of important facts concerning the novelist which have never appeared in any previous biography. He devotes considerable space to the portraiture and personality of Dickens. Many interesting reminiscences of Dickens, as related by his friends and admirers, are included in the work. We understand that this book is the prelude to a new and magnificent reprint of Dickens's works, to be issued by Messrs. Jack in the style of their celebrated and unrivalled edition of the Waverley novels.

Messrs. Jack will publish shortly "The Art of Heraldry," an Encyclopædia of Armory, by Arthur Charles Fox-Davies, compiler and editor of "Armorial Families" and the "Book of Public Arms." The work is partly an English edition of the sumptuous work, "Heraldischer Atlas," by H. G. Ströhl, the celebrated German heraldic artist, issued in parts periodically at Stuttgart, brought to completion in the year 1899. This work far surpasses any previous heraldic publication. Messrs. Jack have had the entire section relating to the Laws of Armory and to Examples of British Heraldry re-written by an acknowledged authority on heraldic matters in this country, and will add very considerably to the illustrations, from a British point of view. From the literary standpoint, "The Art of Heraldry" will be the most complete and authoritative work of Armory and Heraldry which has hitherto appeared. There will be 75 or more folio full-page illustrations in colour, and the edition will be strictly limited to 700 copies, at a price to subscribers of £5 5s. net.

The same firm will also publish "The Blood Royal of Britain," being a complete table of all the descendants now living of Edward IV. and Henry VII., Kings of England, and James III., King of Scotland, and of all the subsequent sovereigns of these realms, by the Marquis of Ruvigny and Raineval. It will contain several thousands of names, and the new tables of descent will be brought down to the generation previous to that now living. In the body of the work his (or her) present living descendants will be given, with notes showing the relationship of each to the head of the line. To make the work more complete, the issue of morganatic marriages has been traced out and included, and addresses will be given whenever possible. There will be an alphabetical index with names at the end of the work. Five hundred copies will be issued at £2 2s. net, and fifty copies on Japanese vellum at £5 5s.

Messrs. Macmillan announce a cheaper edition of the novels of Maarten Maartens. The six volumes will be issued in crown octavo, at 3s. 6d. each. Maarten Maartens has completed a new novel, the longest and, in some respects, the most elaborate of his stories.

Mr. L. T. Hobhouse, whose work on Evolution has recently been published by Messrs. Macmillan, is one of the principal leader writers on the *Manchester Guardian*.

The Rev. Dr. Chase, the President of Queen's College, Cambridge, will shortly publish his Hulsean Lectures on the "Credibility of the Book of the Acts of the Apostles," a burning question in present-day Biblical criticism.

Boswell's "Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides"

is being prepared for the use of schools. The editor is Mr. H. B. Cotterill.

Mr. Oman, of All Souls' College, Oxford, has interrupted his "History of the Art of War" so far as to write an elaborate account of the Peninsular War, the first volume of which will be published by the Clarendon Press in the coming season. There has been some misapprehension regarding the scope of the book, which will be on a larger scale than Napier's work. Much evidence has become available since Napier wrote, and Mr. Oman will subject the whole scheme of operations in the Peninsula to a careful criticism. Justice will be done in Mr. Oman's pages, for the first time, to certain of the Spanish generals, on whose character and conduct Napier was uniformly severe.

The Warden of Merton (the Hon. G. C. Brodrick), who is to be responsible for a portion of Messrs. Longman's forthcoming History of England, is recovering from a somewhat severe illness. The number of Oxford Heads of Colleges who publish books after their elevation to "a higher sphere" is not great. The present Vice-Chancellor, the Provost of Oriel, signalised his succession to the Vice-Chancellorship by the publication of the second volume of his great edition of the "Odyssey," and the Provost of Queen's is engaged upon some works relating to the history of his College.

One of the most successful novels of the day is likely to be found in "Tregarthen's Wife," by Fred M. White. The book has been unusually well received by the press, and Messrs. Newnes are finding a steady and regular sale for it.

Messrs. Methuen will publish in the summer a volume of stories from the pen of the late Sir Walter Besant. The stories have been published serially in various periodicals, many of them in the *Illustrated London News*, where they were admirably illustrated by Mr. Forestier.

In view of the controversy which has recently been raging round the literary agent, it is interesting to find in the autobiography of Sir Walter Besant the following warm tribute to the efficiency and usefulness of the agents to whom he had entrusted the management of his literary affairs for so many years. He writes with regard to his novels, "They all came out in serial form simultaneously in America as well as in England," and continues:

"Let me here express my great and lasting gratitude to my agents, Mr. A. P. Watt and his son, by whose watch and ward my interests have been so carefully guarded for eighteen years. During that time I have always been engaged for three years in advance; I have been relieved from every kind of pecuniary anxiety; my income has been multiplied by three at least; and I have had, through them, the offer of a great deal more work than I could undertake. I cannot speak too strongly of the services rendered to me by my literary agents. Of course, there are different kinds of agents. There is the agent, for example, who knows nothing about his business. But the agent who does know his business may be of immense use to the novelist, the essayist, the traveller—in short, to the author of any book that can command a circulation and a public demand. And such an agent is Mr. A. P. Watt."

Mr. W. L. Alden has just returned to town from Florence, where he has been spending the winter.

The American edition of "Sir Richard Calmady" seems to gain way as it goes. At first the sales were comparatively small. By the end of the year they were in five figures, and now, at the end of February —about five months after publication—the novel appears in THE BOOKMAN list as the fifth best selling book in the United States.

Mrs. W. K. Clifford's new novel, the serial publication of which has just been concluded in the *Queen*, will, when it is published in book form, be entitled "Woodside Farm." Messrs. Harper Bros. will, however, publish the American edition under the original title.

Mr. E. H. Cooper is engaged in writing a new story of racing life, which we hope will be as popular as "Mr. Blake of Newmarket."

In view of the American publishers having compelled the booksellers to raise the price of the $1.50 book to the public, Messrs. McClure, Phillips and Co. have decided to issue the American edition of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" at the published retail price of $1.25.

The dramatised version of "A Gentleman of France" continues to draw crowded houses in New York, whence at the end of the run it will be transferred to London. It is not likely, however, that London playgoers will see it until after the Coronation.

Mr. and Mrs. Egerton Castle have completed a new romance, entitled "The Star Gazers," which will first be serialised in the *Queen*, and will afterwards be published in book form by Messrs. Constable in London, and by the Frederick A. Stokes Company in New York.

Miss Una Silberrad has written a new novel which will be published in the early autumn.

We are glad to learn that Miss Elizabeth Robins has written a new novel. It will be published by Mr. Heinemann in London, and by Messrs. Stokes in New York.

Mr. Baker, who writes under the pseudonym "Alien," has completed a new novel, entitled "Not in Fellowship."

A pungent criticism of the Congregational system and of the forms of religious life to which it gives rise, accompanied by striking instances, which an intimate knowledge of both supplies, and of the kind of ministers it brings into prominence, will be published next month by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

Wholesale Reports of the Bookselling Trade.

(1) ENGLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH, 1902.

The amount of trade transacted during the past month has been very creditable; during the early part an increased demand was manifest, and has been well sustained, amounting at times to a decided briskness; a tendency to slackness is, however, again apparent as we close our report, but this is to be expected on the approach of the Easter holiday.

A large amount of fiction has been issued, and many of the works being by competent authors, a large percentage has been successful, thus making it somewhat difficult to particularise; but undoubtedly the 6s. novel of the month has been "Scarlet and Hyssop," by E. F. Benson; amongst others may also be mentioned "Mr. Horrocks, Purser," and "The Dark o' the Moon." "The Eternal City" and "Sir Richard Calmady" have also continued to be in constant demand.

Two excellent works of a political-humorous nature, "Clara in Blunderland," by Caroline Lewis, and "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," have caused much amusement, and have figured very largely in the sales of the month.

Works in connection with the drama or dramatic subjects have been much in evidence. "Ulysses," by Stephen Phillips, has continued its hold upon the public, and in view of the dramatic representation several new editions of "Ben Hur" have appeared, which, together with already existing issues, have been readily disposed of. "Ellen Terry and Her Sisters," by T. E. Pemberton, and "Life on the Stage," by Clara Morris, have also been well received. The recent controversy has resulted in a marked increase for the demand of various works upon Shakespeare and his plays, although the sale of works actually treating upon the cypher theory have completely fallen away.

"Confession and Absolution," a volume containing the account of the deliberations of a conference recently held at Fulham Palace, has been much in request.

The various volumes in both the "Temple" and the "Century" editions of the Bible have continued to sell freely.

"Mr. Dooley's Opinions" has been one of the leading items of the month.

Lenten books may be classed among those for which a very small demand has been experienced during the present season.

Sixpenny reprints are as popular as ever. The issues are very catholic in scope, extending from Huxley's lectures to the lightest fiction. It is almost impossible to say which is selling the most freely, as it is the practice to order them in assorted quantities from the wholesale houses.

Whilst no magazine or periodical calls for especial notice, they have continued to form a very large item in the transactions of the month.

The following books have been most in demand:—

Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heineman.)
The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Sir Richard Calmady. By Lucas Malet. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Dark o' the Moon. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Mr. Horrocks, Purser. By Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Westcotes. By Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)
Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Words by an Eyewitness. By "Linesman." 6s. (W. Blackwood.)
The Strenuous Life. By Theodore Roosevelt. 6s. (Richards.)
Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Froissart's Modern Chronicles. By F. C. Gould. 3s. 6d. (Unwin.)
Ulysses. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
Paolo and Francesca. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net, (Lane.)
Confession and Absolution. 3s. net. (Longmans.)
Principles of Western Civilisation. By Benj. Kidd. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)
Poverty. By B. S. Rowntree. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)
Various editions of Ben Hur.
Ellen Terry and her Sisters. By T. E. Pemberton. 16s. (Pearson.)
Life on the Stage. By Clara Morris. 6s. (Isbister.)
Gipsy Smith, Life of. By Himself. 6s. (Law.)
Various volumes in the "Temple" and "Century" Bible.
The War in South Africa. By A. Conan Doyle. 6d. (Newnes.)
Ping-Pong. By Arnold Parker. 1s. net. (Unwin.)
Workman's Compensation Act. By W. Bowstead. 1s. (Simpkin.)
Sixpenny Reprints, Magazines and Periodicals.

WEEKLY SUMMARY OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Feb. 22—A good week in all departments.
Mar. 1—Brisk in Home trade. Rather quiet in Export.
,, 8—Orders good in Home trade. Slack in Export.
,, 15—Somewhat slacker. Export better.

(2) SCOTLAND.

FEBRUARY 20TH TO MARCH 20TH, 1902.

Much attention was given during the month to the long list of announcements of forthcoming works made by the various publishers. Orders were booked for many six-shilling novels and sixpenny reprints of popular works to be issued for Spring sale. The latter were quite as many as in any former year, and will be prominent throughout the whole season.

Appearing somewhat suddenly, the leading six-shilling novel was "Audrey," by Mary Johnston, and many orders were taken for Dr. Conan Doyle's "The Hound of the Baskervilles," to be issued immediately. "The House with the Green Shutters" still sold freely, and the following works of fiction claimed notice:—"The Dark o' the Moon," by S. R. Crockett; "Scarlet and Hyssop," by E. F. Benson; "Catspaw," by Mrs. Croker; "I Crown Thee King," by Max Pemberton; "Love of Richard Herrick," by A. Kenealy; "The Victors," by Robert Barr, and "The Under-Secretary," by W. Le Queux.

One of the most interesting and important books of the month was Kidd's "Principles of Western Civilisation," which, though published at 15s., had a good sale.

The demand for Dr. Doyle's "Conduct of the War" fell off somewhat, but still the numbers sold were remarkable.

The leading five-shilling novel was "The Cruise of the Snake," by Guy Boothby, and for the clever political skit entitled "Clara in Blunderland," by Caroline Lewis, there was a good sale.

One of the best selling books throughout Scotland was Dr. John Kerr's "Memories Grave and Gay," with its many reminiscences and characteristic anecdotes.

"Mr. Dooley's Opinions," and Mr. Punch's new edition

of "Prehistoric Peeps," were much in request, and for Mr. Stephen Phillips' "Ulysses," and various editions of "Ben Hur," there were ready sales. The volume of "Punch's Cartoons for the Year 1901" was well received.

The sixpenny novels bulking largely in the month's business were "Further Adventures of Captain Kettle," "Ready Money Mortiboy," "The Downfall," "Foul Play," "Our Widow," and several volumes by Nat Gould and Hawley Smart.

Considering the season of the year the magazine trade was very good. The following monthlies had exceptionally good sales:—*Strand, Pearson, Woman at Home*, and, on account of it being a "Scott" number, the circulation of THE BOOKMAN was large in Scotland.

The following is our usual list of best selling books:—

The House with the Green Shutters. By George Douglas. 6s. (Macqueen.)
Audrey. By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)
Scarlet and Hyssop. By E. F. Benson. 6s. (Heinemann.)
Catspaw. By Mrs. Croker. 6s. (Chatto.)
I Crown Thee King. By Max Pemberton. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Under Secretary. By W. Le Queux. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Curse of the Snake. By Guy Boothby. 5s. (White.)
Clara in Blunderland. By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Principles of Western Civilisation. By Benjamin Kidd. 15s. net. (Macmillan.)
Memories Grave and Gay. By Dr. John Kerr. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Cartoons from Punch, 1901. 2s. 6d. (Bradbury.)
Mr. Dooley's Opinions. 3s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
Ulysses. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Lane.)
The Victors. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Dark o' the Moon. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Macmillan.)
Prehistoric Peeps. By E. T. Reed. 5s. nett. (Bradbury.)

And the following sixpenny reprints:—

Further Adventures of Captain Kettle. By Cutcliffe Hyne.
The Tragedy of the Korosko. By Dr. Doyle.
Foul Play. By Charles Reade.
Queen's Sweetheart. By Mrs. Williamson.
A False Start. By Hawley Smart.
Giles Ingleby. By W. E. Norris.
An African Millionaire. By Grant Allen.
Our Widow. By Florence Warden.

The Booksellers' Diary.

APRIL.

PUBLICATION DATES OF SOME NOTABLE BOOKS.

April 7th.

BARR, WALTER.—Shacklett: The Evolution of a Statesman, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*
Author of "The Letters of her Mother to Elizabeth."—A Girl of the Multitude, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
CAMPBELL, J. D. G.—Siam in the Twentieth Century *Arnold*
OMAN, C. W.—Seven Roman Statesmen, 6/- ..... *Arnold*
NICKLIN, J. A.—Primer of English Literature ..... *Arnold*
HILL, L.—Primer of Physiology ..... *Arnold*
GRIFFITHS, MAJOR ARTHUR.—Napoleon, The Great Adventurer, 3/6 net ..... *Treherne*
MARSH, RICHARD.—Adventures of Augustus Short, 2/6 *Treherne*
VIZETELLY, E.—The Warrior Woman, 2/6 ..... *Treherne*
WALLACE, GEN. LEW.—Ben Hur, 6d. and 1/- net *F. Warne & Co.*
HOCKING, SILAS K.—Gripped, 3/6 ..... *F. Warne & Co.*
HALL, H. WINSLOW.—Applied Religion, 3/6 net *Brimley Johnson*
ASKHAM, ROGER.—Outdoor Moods and Verses, 3/6 net *Brimley Johnson*

April 8th.

THOMPSON, SIR H.—The Motor Car, 2/6 ..... *F. Warne & Co.*
BEECHING, REV. H. C.—Religio Laici: A Series of Studies Addressed to Laymen, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder & Co.*
The Author of "Collections and Recollections."—An Onlooker's Reflections, 7/6 net ..... *Smith, Elder & Co.*
BIRRELL, OLIVE.—Nicholas Holbrook, 6/- *Smith, Elder & Co.*

April 10th.

KELLY, F. FINCH.—With Hoops of Steel, 6/- ..... *Methuen*
MOIR, DUNCAN.—Mansie Wauch. Little Library. 1/6 & 2/6 net *Methuen*
LUCE, MORTON (Editor).—The Tempest, 3/6 ..... *Methuen*
COTES, MRS. EVERARD.—Those Delightful Americans, 6/- *Methuen*

April 14th.

PANDOVAN, ADOLFO.—The Sons of Glory. Translated by the Duchess of Litta-Visconti-Arese. 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
DUTT, ROMESH, C.I.E.—The Lake of Palms, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*
VILLARI, PROF. PASQUALE.—The Barbarian Invasions of Italy. 2 Vols. 32/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
MEADE, L. T.—The Lost Square, 5/- ..... *Ward, Lock & Co.*
HOCKING, JOSEPH.—Greater Love, 3/6 .... *Ward, Lock & Co.*
BODKIN, McDONNELL.—Modern Miracle, 6/- *Ward, Lock & Co.*

April 15th.

SABATINI, RAFAEL.—The Lovers of Yvonne, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
CURTIS, A. C.—A New Trafalgar: A Tale of the Torpedo Fleet, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder & Co.*

April 16th.

WARDEN, FLORENCE.—Hole and Corner Marriage, 6/- *Pearson*

April 17th.

CHEYNE AND BLACK (Editors).—Encyclopædia Biblica. Vol. III. 20/- net ..... *A. & C. Black*

April 18th.

LITTLE, MRS. ARCHIBALD.—Out in China, 2/6 ..... *Treherne*

April 20th.

SPURGIN, KARL B.—On Active Service with Northumberland and Durham Yeomanry under Lord Methuen, 5/- *The Walter Scott Publishing Co., Ltd.*

April 21st.

TRUSCOTT, L. PARRY.—The Poet and Penelope, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*
LITTLE, A. G.—Mediæval Wales, 2/6 net ..... *Fisher Unwin*
TREHERNE, PHILIP.—Miss Chesterton's Decision, 3/6 *Fisher Unwin*
MILNE, JAMES.—The Epistles of Atkins, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
BLAKE-KNOX, LIEUT. E.—Buller's Campaign with the Natal Field Force, 10/6 net ..... *Brimley Johnson*
BOURCHIER, DR. HELEN.—The White Lady of the Zenana, 6/- *Treherne*
MEYER, REV. F. B., B.A.—Jeremiah: Priest and Prophet, 2/6 *Morgan & Scott*
CARPENTER, J. E.—The Popular Elocutionist and Reciter. New and Extended Ed. 3/6 ..... *F. Warne & Co.*
NEEDELL, J. H.—Unstable as Water, 6/- ..... *F. Warne & Co.*

April 23rd

HARTE, BRET.—On the Old Trail, 6/- ..... *Pearson*
ALLEN, GRANT.—An Incidental Bishop, 2/- ..... *Pearson*
LEVERTON, MRS. WALDEMAR.—Small Homes and How to Furnish Them, 1/- ..... *Pearson*

April 24th.

MARTIN, REV. G. CURRIE, M.A., B.D.—Ephesians, Colossians, Philemon, Philippians. Century Bible. 2/- & 3/- net *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
KITTON, FRED G.—Charles Dickens: His Life, Writings, and Personality, 5/- net ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
RYVES, M. V.—The Common Chord, 6/- ..... *Treherne*

April 25th.

LOVETT, RICHARD, M.A.—James Chalmers of New Guinea, 7/6 net ..... *Religious Tract Soc.*
LE FEUVRE, AMY.—Odd Made Even, 3/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*
ALCOCK, DEBORAH.—Crushed yet Conquering. New Ed. 3/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*
REED, TALBOT BAINES.—Tom, Dick, and Harry, 3/6 *Religious Tract Soc.*

April 28th.

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Blue Lilies, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
BYRDE, MARGARETTA.—The Searcher. First Novel Library, No. 2. 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
VAN EEDEN, F.—The Deeps of Deliverance, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*

April 30th.

HOPE, GRAHAM.—My Lord Winchenden, 6/- *Smith, Elder & Co.*

May 1st.

BARR, AMELIA E.—The Lion's Whelp, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
DANT, C. H.—Distinguished Churchmen. Illustrated. 10/6 net *Treherne*

May 2nd.

MOORE, FRANKFORT.—Adventures of Nell Gwyn, 6d. *Pearson*

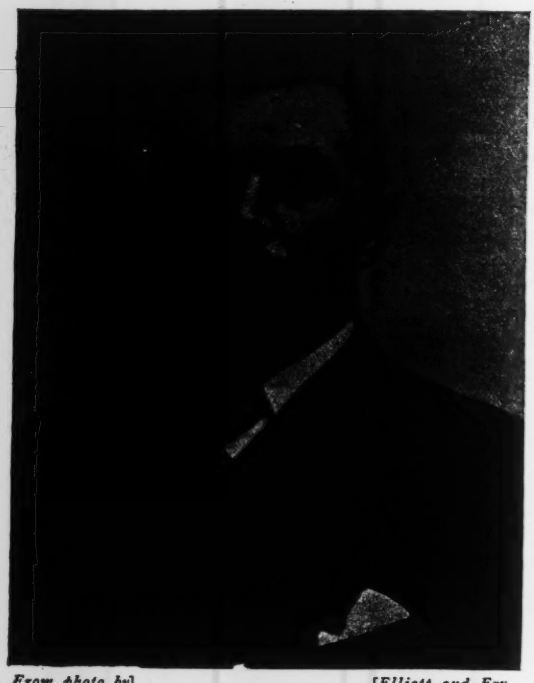
May 5th.

BECKE, LOUIS.—Breachley Black Sheep, 6/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
CRAIGIE, MRS.—Tales about Temperaments, 2/6 net *Fisher Unwin*
ALLEN, INGLIS.—A Year of Youth, 6/- ..... *Pearson*

The Reader.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago a young Scotch-born Irishman, studying at a small German University, founded and edited a newspaper for the benefit of his fellow students.



From photo by [*Elliott and Fry.*

DR. CONAN DOYLE.

During its short and somewhat chequered existence, the paper fully lived up to the editor's motto, "Fear not, and put it in print."

The paper came to an untimely end; the motto has been the guiding star of the career of Arthur Conan Doyle. He has followed it into many strange places. It has led him during these last months to spend himself—his time, his money, his strength—in the furtherance of what he considers the cause of truth and justice. "Fear not, and put it in print," might stand at the head of everything that Dr. Conan Doyle has written upon the Boer War. It is certainly the reason of the existence of his pamphlet—"The War in South Africa, its Cause and Conduct," of which over 300,000 copies have been sold of the English edition alone.

Twenty years ago a medical student was mustering the patients in the consulting room of Professor Joseph Bell. The doctor—a man with sharp, piercing, grey eyes, eagle nose, and striking features—sat in his chair with fingers together, and "just worked at the men or women before him," diagnosing not merely their maladies but their lives. "Gentlemen," he would say to the students standing round, "I am not quite sure whether this man is a cork-cutter or a slater. I observe a slight *callus*, or hardening, on one side of his forefinger, and a little thickening on the outside of his thumb, and that is a sure sign he is either one or the other," His great faculty of deduction was at times highly dramatic. "Ah!" he would say to another man, "you are a soldier, a non-commissioned officer, and you have served in Bermuda. Now, how did I know that, gentlemen? He came into the room without taking his hat off, as he would go into an orderly room. He was a soldier. A slight, authoritative air, combined with his age, shows he was a non-commissioned officer. A slight rash on the forehead tells me he was in Bermuda, and subject to a certain rash known only there."

And to-day the eagle eyes of Sherlock Holmes, the "literary embodiment" of Dr. Conan Doyle's memory of the Edinburgh professor, glare down from every hoarding, searching the heart and life of the man in the street, while men even forsake their discussions of "clean slates," "tabernacles," and "lonely furrows" in order to offer their solution of the latest Sherlock Holmes mystery—"The Hound of the Baskervilles."

Sherlock Holmes has indeed entered into the nation's gallery of types; his exploits are familiar as household words. Everyone knows that he keeps his cigars in the coal-scuttle, his tobacco in the toe-end of his Persian slipper, and his letters pinned to the wooden mantelpiece with a jack-knife.

It is given to few authors to see one of the children of their imaginings take his seat among the immortals; of fewer still can it be said that they helped to make history. Whatever may be Dr. Conan Doyle's personal estimate of the great detective, however he may minimise his achievement—and it is said that at times he has expressed a wish that Dr. Watson had never met Sherlock Holmes—it is not a small thing to create a character who will live in the nation's language. And whatever may be said or thought of Dr. Conan Doyle's attitude on the burning questions of the war, it must be admitted by all, independent of party or politics or personal antipathies, that Dr. Conan Doyle has done more than any living man to justify the conduct of this country in the eyes of the world and before the bar of an impartial posterity. As the historian of the war he has helped to make history.

Arthur Conan Doyle was born at Edinburgh on the 22nd of May, 1859. He comes of an artistic family. His grandfather, John Doyle, was the political caricaturist, recognised as Gilray's rightful successor, whose pictorial skits appeared for more than thirty years under the initials "H. B." without the disclosure of his identity. John Doyle's four sons were likewise artists, the author's father, Charles Doyle, holding also an appointment in the Civil Service. The first noteworthy event in the life of Conan Doyle was a literary achievement at the early age of six, a story of adventure, of terrible adventure, written in a bold hand on foolscap paper, four words to the line, and accompanied by original pen and ink illustrations. "There was a man in it, and there was a tiger," he writes of this youthful production. "I forget which was the hero, but it didn't matter much, for they became blended into one about the time when the tiger met the man. I was a realist in the age of the Romanticists. I described at some length, both verbally and pictorially, the untimely end of that wayfarer. But when the tiger had absorbed him, I found myself slightly embarrassed as to how my story was to go on. 'It is very

A. Conan Doyle.

From a Copyright Photograph by Martin & Sallnow, Strand, W.C.
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Printed by The Cranford Press, Chiswick, W.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AT THE AGE OF FOUR.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

easy to get people into scrapes, and very hard to get them out again,' I remarked, and I have often had cause to repeat the precocious aphorism of my childhood. On this occasion the situation was beyond me, and my book, like my man, was engulfed in my tiger."

In his tenth year Dr. Conan Doyle was sent to Stonyhurst, in Lancashire, where he developed remarkable powers as a raconteur, a gift he turned to profitable account among his schoolfellows. Elevated on a desk, before an audience of small comrades, he grew grievously hoarse with much description of blood-curdling adventure. He has humorously remarked that he stipulated for "Tarts down and strict business," and paused suddenly at the most thrilling crisis solely that apples or more pastry should be offered as an inducement to continue. This, too, was the scene of early editorial effort, in which, as has already been told, he persevered when he left Stonyhurst for Feldkirch, in Germany. At the age of seventeen, Dr. Doyle entered Edinburgh University as a medical student, and obtained his diploma five years later. But an intense longing to devote his time to literature remained always with him, and the account of his early struggles towards the desired goal is of real interest. In 1878, two years after the commencement of his medical studies, his first accepted work was published in *Chambers's Journal*, a periodical for which he has always retained a kindly feeling. He received three guineas for this story, which was entitled "The Mystery of Sasassa Valley," and was based on an old Kaffir superstition concerning a "gloomy, boulder-studded passage," notoriously haunted by a demon "with glowing eyes under the shadow of the cliff." In the development, the glowing eyes are found to consist of diamonds embedded in rock-salts, and the youthful searchers after demons are rewarded finally by a capture of far greater intrinsic value.

In 1880 Dr. Doyle quitted the University, and paid a seven months' visit to the Arctic Seas in the capacity of unqualified surgeon on board the whaler *Hope*, then under the command of Captain John Gray. The inducement was "two pounds ten a month and three shillings a ton oil money," inclusive of an Arctic kit. "One of the charms of the work," writes Conan Doyle of whaling, "is the gambling element inherent in it. Every man shares in the profits, and woe betide the harpooner or the boat-steerer who by any clumsiness has missed a fish! He has taken a five-pound note out of the pocket of every meanest hand upon the ship. Black is his welcome when he returns to his fellows." "It is brutal work," he adds, speaking of sealing, "though not more brutal than that which goes on to supply every dinner-table in the country. And yet those glaring crimson pools upon the dazzling white of the ice-fields, under the peaceful silence of a blue Arctic sky, did seem a horrible intrusion." There was no great demand for surgery aboard the *Hope*, and Doyle's chief occupations were keeping the captain in cut tobacco, working in the boats after fish, and teaching the crew to box. Four whales and four thousand seals were the fruits of the voyage, and the *Hope* reached nearly the 81st degree of North Latitude. From the unexpected occurrence of suddenly shooting off a thin sheet of ice and vanishing into the sea between the two ice-blocks, Conan Doyle earned from the genial Captain the nickname of "The Great Northern Diver." Some trace of his varied Arctic experiences may be seen in his story, "The Captain of the Polestar." Originally written for *Temple Bar*, it was published later, together with a number of other short stories, and passed through some four editions.

ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

DR. JOSEPH BELL OF EDINBURGH, THE ORIGINAL OF SHERLOCK HOLMES.
From a photograph by A. Swan Watson, Edinburgh.

It was on his return to Edinburgh that he became acquainted with Dr. Joseph Bell, and then commenced the final struggle between his inclination towards literature and his dependence upon medicine. In 1882, after a four months' voyage to the West Coast of

Africa, he established himself as medical practitioner at Southsea, where he remained until 1890. During these years, however—years in which he found literature too slender a prop upon which to lean for a livelihood—he came to regard the calls of the profession he had adopted as interruptions in the real work of his life. His apprenticeship in letters was a long and trying one. There is a world of encouragement for the struggling young author in Dr. Conan Doyle's account of his early experiences. "Fifty little cylinders of manuscript," he writes, "did I send out during eight years, which described irregular orbits among publishers, and usually came back like paper boomerangs to the place that they had started from." Slowly, by dint of untiring perseverance, he won his way into such magazines as the *Cornhill*, *Temple Bar*, and *Belgravia;* but as his contributions to these journals—some fifty or sixty stories in all—were anonymous, he remained as unknown as though he had never penned a line. He has left it on record that, though he worked hard for ten years, he never in any one year earned fifty pounds by his pen.

A PORTRAIT OF DR. CONAN DOYLE TAKEN THE DAY HE WAS "CAPPED."
From a photograph by W. T. Bashford, Portobello.

And yet another literary disappointment lay in store for the much-harassed doctor-author. A long story, entitled, "The Narrative of John Smith," was lost in the post, and never afterwards discovered. It bore, according to his own assertion, a personal, social-political complexion, and though its disappearance was naturally regarded as a great loss at the time, this was nothing to the horror he would experience if it suddenly appeared again—in print. Dr. Doyle's life at this time was a weary round of clashing interests, medical and literary, of unlucrative patients and of seamed paragraphs; but at length, in 1886, a product from his pen appeared in "Beeton's Christmas Annual" under the title of "A Study in Scarlet," which, published later in book-form, may be described as his first novel. This story he sold outright, receiving for it the small sum of five and twenty pounds. To-day it is still one of the most popular of his books, which has appeared in countless editions, and it would be interesting to know how many thousands of pounds the publishers made by their bargain. In this book Sherlock Holmes made his bow to the British public.

And then, under more favourable circumstances, he commenced the writing of "Micah Clarke," a story of the Monmouth Rebellion. A year's reading and five months' writing completed the book, and the author hoped that here at last he had accomplished something worthy of his ambitions. He despatched it primarily to a friend, a reader for one of the leading publishers, who, having been bitten by the historical novel, naturally distrusted it. "How can you, can you, waste your time and your wits writing historical novels." So ran the letter of rejection. Thence it passed from house to house, refused by all. One asserted that its principal defect was a complete absence of interest; another that people did not talk so in the seventeenth century; while the experiences of a third proved that an historical novel could never achieve a commercial success. "I remember," says the author, "smoking over my dog-eared manuscript when it returned for a whiff of country air after one of its descents upon town, and wondering what I should do if some sporting, reckless kind of publisher were suddenly to stride in and make me a bid of forty shillings or so for the lot." But the path was smoothed from the very day on which the book fell into the hands of Mr. Andrew Lang, then at Messrs. Longmans, and "Micah Clarke" attained a remarkable success, passing through five editions in less than twelve months. It still, after twelve years, sells more freely than any of Dr. Conan Doyle's longer books, with the exception of "The White Company."

The publication of "The Sign of Four," in 1889, further enhanced Dr. Doyle's rapidly rising reputation, and "Sherlock Holmes" was beginning to make his problems of compelling interest to the reading public, when their author, determining to test his own powers to their utmost, delayed the production of detective mysteries in order to devote the better part of two years to the study of the fourteenth century in England. His aim was to reconstruct an heroic age, the most splendid joy of a novelist, as he himself confesses, to represent the life of the century from every point of view, that of the soldier, of the monk, of the artisan, to call back to life the typical archer of the days of Edward III., "the first soldier the world has ever seen, rough, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, but full of pluck and animal spirits." This study resulted, in 1890, in the appearance of "The White Company." One hundred and fifteen volumes, French and

MONMOUTH, THE KING.

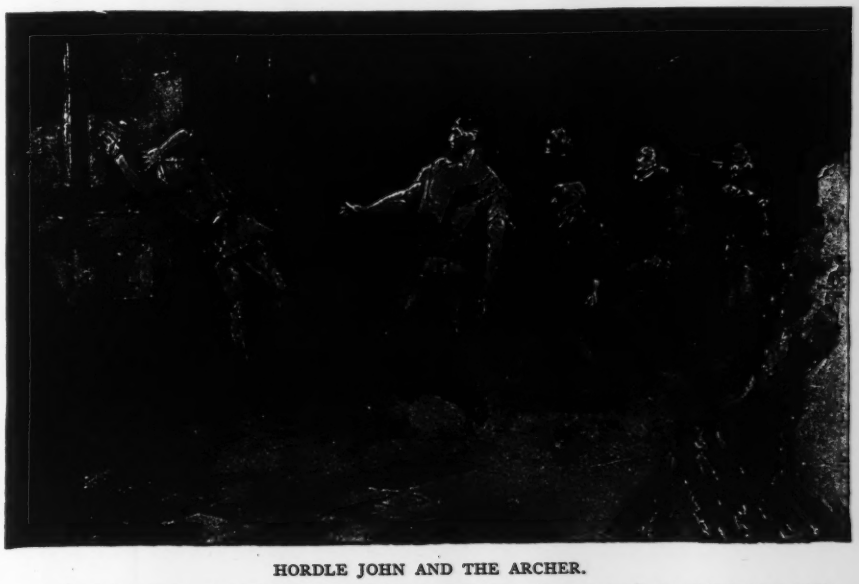
"Round the cross were grouped a score of maidens clad in white muslin dresses, with blue scarfs around their waists. As the King approached, these little maids, with much pretty nervousness, advanced to meet him, and handed him a banner which they had worked for him, and also a dainty gold-clasped Bible. Monmouth handed the flag to one of his captains, but he raised the book above his head, exclaiming that he had come there to defend the truths contained within it, at which the cheerings and acclamations broke forth with redoubled vigour."

(Reproduced from "Micah Clarke," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

English, dealing with the period he had chosen, were mastered before he wrote a single line of manuscript. Dr. Doyle grudges no labour on his work, nor leaves the veriest trifling detail to chance. Whatever he has done bears the stamp of thoroughness from title-page to colophon.

It was about the time of writing "The White Company" that Dr. Doyle abandoned his practice at Southsea, and came to London as an eye specialist, a branch of his profession in which he was particularly interested. He studied at Paris and Vienna, and in the latter city wrote "The Doings of Raffles Haw," a curious study of political economy in the form of a novelette. On his return to England he took rooms in Wimpole Street, and again commenced to practise. He had a waiting-room, but, in his own phrase, "he soon found out who did the waiting." So strong, however, were literary claims upon his time that, three months later, he gave up medicine entirely, and, removing to Norwood, set to work seriously on "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes." Of the marvellous success of his stories, of the way in which they inaugurated a new class of fiction as opposed to the old mysteries, in which the detective obtained results without obvious reasons—"which was not fair and was not art"—it is unnecessary to say anything. If you would gauge their lasting popularity, you have only to watch the customers at a railway bookstall on the day the *Strand Magazine* is issued. At the time of writing, it is said that one enthusiastic amateur detective has been offering untold bribes to his newsagent if he will supply a copy, or even allow him a passing glimpse, of the magazine containing the final instalment of "The Hound of the Baskervilles" in advance of the date of publication.

If "Micah Clarke" had proved with certainty that Dr. Conan Doyle was capable of painting history in brilliant colouring and with master strokes on a large canvas, "The White Company," "The Refugees," with its striking pictures of the French Court, confirmed his own conviction that in historical romance lay his true power. Dr. Doyle's taste in literature has always inclined towards the romance of history. With his favourite authors he classes Scott, Dumas, Maupassant; but the novel to which he awards the palm of excellence is Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." "Some books are great on account of the intellect which is shown in them," he writes, "and some on account of the heart; but I do not know where I can find a book in which the highest qualities of head and of heart go together as they do in this one." "Ivanhoe" he considers the second greatest historical novel ever penned in English. He believes there are many who place "Esmond" first, and though he comprehends their view, it is not his. He recognises fully the beauty of the style, the



HORDLE JOHN AND THE ARCHER.

"Big John stood waiting in the centre with a sullen, menacing eye, and his red hair in a bristle, while the archer passed lightly and swiftly to the right and the left with crooked knee and hands advanced. Then, with a sudden dash, so swift and fierce that the eye could scarce follow it, he flew in upon his man and locked his leg round him. It was a grip that between men of equal strength would mean a fall; but Hordle John tore him off from him as he might a rat, and hurled him across the room, so that his head cracked up against the wooden wall."

(Reproduced from "The White Company," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

consistency of the character-drawing, the absolutely perfect Queen Anne atmosphere. Never to his mind was an historical novel written by a man who knew his period so thoroughly. But vital as he holds these virtues, they are not to him the sole essential qualities. The most compelling characteristic of all he sums up in the one word "interest." In his judgment this is not equally sustained throughout the whole of "Esmond"; to him long passages appear to be heavy reading. His law asserts that, to attain pre-eminence, a novel must advance always, never mark time. "Ivanhoe" marches onwards without halt, and on this fact he bases its superiority over "Esmond" as a novel, though as literature he allows the latter is more perfect. But were three votes accorded him, "he would plump them all" for "The Cloister and the Hearth," as being the greatest English historical novel, and, indeed, our greatest novel of any kind.

"The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," in 1896—a clash of arms and boisterous movement—was followed in the same year by "Rodney Stone," a realistic depiction of various sporting phases of life and character in England at the commencement of the century, for which the author spared no efforts in gathering together reliable information on the subject of the ring; while, in 1898, some thirty short poems by Dr. Doyle were collected under the expressive title of "Songs of Action."

At the time of the Soudan campaign, Dr. Doyle, who happened to be in Egypt, wrote a series of letters to the *Westminster Gazette*. His newspaper work at this period excited comment in the nature of a prophecy. "What a war correspondent he may make," declared an acute observer, "some day when there is *real war*." The illustration reproduced in these pages of Dr. Doyle riding his camel is reminiscent of his experiences, as are also the adventures recounted in "The Three Correspondents." Even beneath the shadow of the Pyramids his reputation of detective-story writer had grown to vaster proportions than he himself had ever contemplated. In Egypt he first was made aware that "Sherlock Holmes" had been translated into Arabic, and issued to the local police in the form of a reliable and handy text-book!

SHERLOCK HOLMES.

"Holmes sprang frantically across the room and pushed at the door. It was fastened on the inner side. Following his example, we threw ourselves upon it with all our weight. One hinge smashed, then the other, and down came the door with a crash. Rushing over it we found ourselves in the inner room."

(Reproduced from "The Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

Of Dr. Conan Doyle's later novels it is hardly necessary to make mention, for they are all well known to readers of The Bookman. "Round the Red Lamp" (1894), and "The Stark Munro Letters" (1895), are the outcome of his medical experiences, the latter being, with the exception of one chapter, very close autobiography, with the literary side omitted. "Uncle Bernac" (1897), a delightful sketch of Napoleonic days, and "The Tragedy of the Korosko" are two novels of exciting adventure; while "A Duet with an Occasional Chorus" is in quieter vein.

The outbreak of the war in South Africa roused Dr. Conan Doyle to feverish activity. His medical and military knowledge were freely placed at the service of the country. Early in March, 1900, he set sail for South Africa on board the *Oriental* as Honorary Senior Physician of

THE ORDER FOR THE REVOCATION.

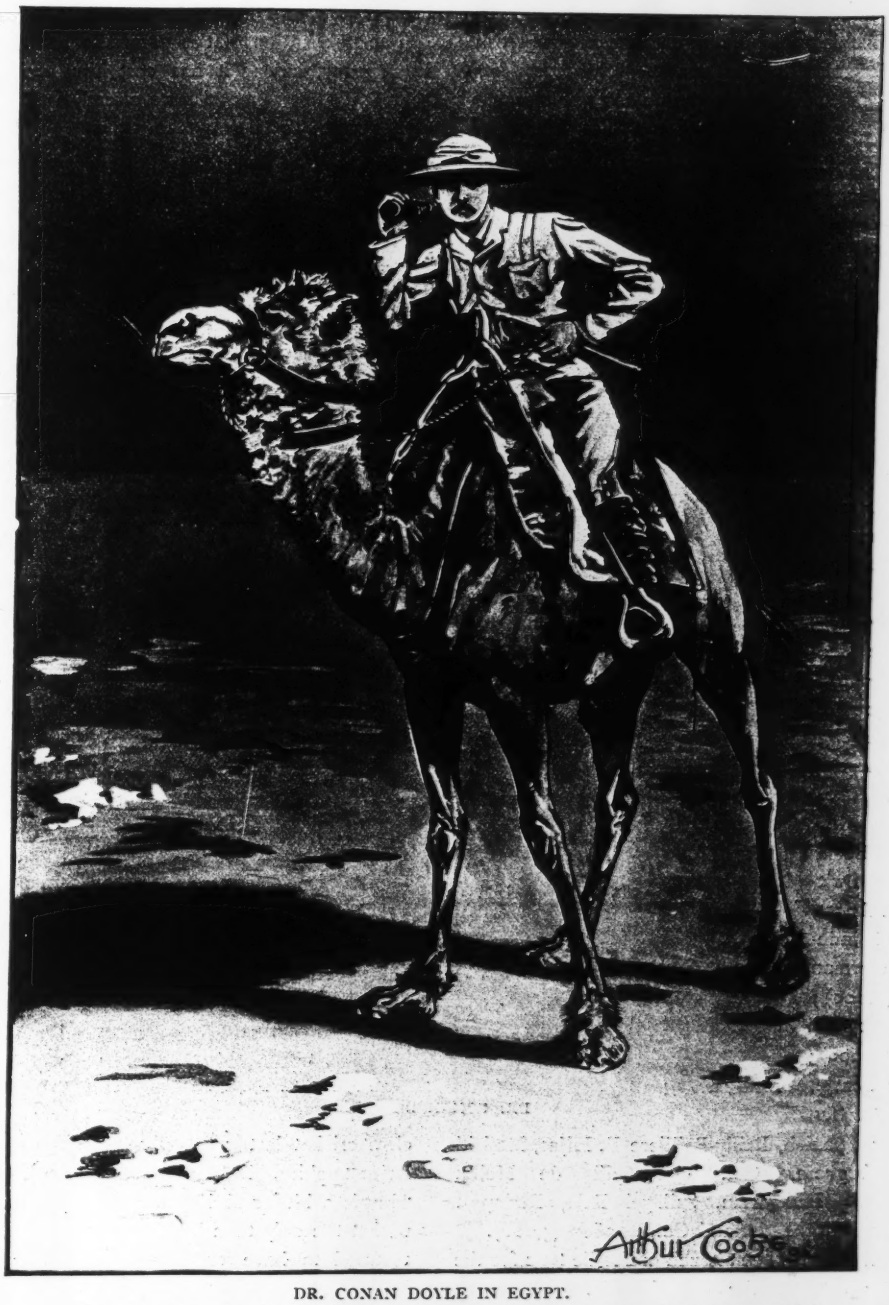
"On the low table lay a paper, with pen and ink beside it. It was the order for the revocation, and it only needed the king's signature to make it the law of the land.

"De Catinat had taken a step forward with his hand outstretched.

"'Do not sign it, sire,' he cried. 'Consider all these helpless folk—the little children, the young girls, the old and the feeble. Their creed is themselves.'"

(Reproduced from "The Refugees," by kind permission of Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co.)

the Langman Field Hospital—the hospital founded by John L. Langman, "who devoted his fortune, and that which was more valuable to him than his fortune, to the service of his country and to the relief of suffering." So runs the dedication of "The Great Boer War," which refers, of course, to Mr. Archie Langman, Mr. Langman's only son, who went out as Chief of the Expedition—a dedication which Mr. Langman looks upon as the highest honour which has been done him in connection with his work.



DR. CONAN DOYLE IN EGYPT.

(Reproduced from the *Windsor Magazine*, by kind permission of Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.)

Of Dr. Doyle's personal experiences in South Africa little can be written, for if there is one thing he dislikes above everything else, it is the idea of "posing as a soldier." We may, however, be permitted to say that all who came in contact with him during the war are full of praise for his untiring devotion, his great medical skill, his kindness, his sympathy, his unflagging spirits. Mr. Langman cannot speak too strongly of Dr. Conan Doyle's services and of the great debt which the country owes to him. When the hospital reached Bloemfontein enteric had just broken out, the resources of the hospital were strained to the utmost, and for months Dr. Doyle was working day and night in the fever-stricken tents. His labours did not cease with his medical work. He turned his hand to any task. He wrote letters for the soldiers, he nursed them, in fact, he did everything which a human being could for his patients. He was, as Mr. Archie Langman wrote to his father, "a perfect Colossus for work." As there seems to be some impression that Dr. Doyle went out to South Africa merely as a spectator, it is only right that such a testimony from Mr. Langman should be made public.

Dr. Conan Doyle went to South Africa as a volunteer—to work, not to write. And that is why every line he has written on the war bears the stamp of one who has not only seen but done.

The outcome of the visit to South Africa was the remarkable history of "The Great Boer War," which is now in its fifteenth edition. Admirable in tone and temper, impartial, clear, concise, full of graphic and picturesque touches, vigorous and vital, it is a masterly piece of work. "The Great Boer War" is a contribution to history. Absolute accuracy is impossible at so early a date, but each fresh addition has been an approximation to it.

Of Dr. Conan Doyle's pamphlet in defence of the British cause, mention has already been made. Its success has been extraordinary. Some idea of the way in which it has been distributed may be gained from the following list of editions, most of which have already been issued:—

British Edition, Smith, Elder and Co. (300,000); Colonial Edition, G. Bell and Sons, London (20,000); English on the Continent, Baron von Tauchnitz; Welsh edition, D. W. Thomas, Cardiff (10,000); American edition, McClure, Phillips and Co., New York (50,000); Canadian, Morang and Co., Toronto (25,000); Norwegian, Office of the *Verdensgang* (3,000); French, Galignani et Cie., Paris (20,000); German, N. B. Bloch, Berlin (20,000); Switzerland, Dr. H. Angst, Zurich (special independent German translation) (1,000); Italian, Fratelli Treves, Milan (5,000); Russian, B. Searle, Office of *Topics*, Odessa (5,000); Spanish, Bailly-Bailliere E. Hijos, Madrid (10,000); Portuguese, Col. Greenfield de Mello, Lisbon (1,000); Hungarian, Szilagyi Bela, Budapest (5,000); Dutch, Smith, Elder and Co., London (5,000).

From photo by [*Martin and Sallnow, 416, Strand, W.C.*

DR. CONAN DOYLE.

The pamphlet has also been issued in Braille type for the blind. In some instances the difficulty of finding a publisher has been very great, and in the case of Holland it proved impossible, so that the Dutch edition has been produced in this country, and is being distributed by Messrs. George Newnes and Co., who, together with Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., have been responsible for the enormous amount of work entailed in publishing these huge editions.

The strain of seeing these various editions through the press, of arranging for translations and publishers, has been very severe. Letters have poured in upon Dr. Doyle from every part of Europe, as many as 129 having been received in one day. His health has suffered to some extent, and at the present time he is arranging to take a well-deserved rest on the Continent. He has, of course, come in for his share of abuse and contumely, and the columns of the *Times* bear witness to his vigour as a controversialist. "It's a good sign when your enemy squeals," said he, in allusion to some opposition pamphlet written in a violent tone.

The publication of the pamphlet has not brought him in a penny, indeed it has cost him much, for although something like £2,000 have already been contributed by the public to defray the expense of translation and distribution in foreign countries, the loss of time and strength expended upon such work cannot be calculated in pounds, shillings, and pence.

The work, says Dr. Doyle, has been its own reward. "I have simply done what I conceived to be my duty. I have fought for what I believe to be the cause of justice and truth, and I am well paid when I find that I have convinced many opponents that the cause of England is a just one. If so many brave men have given their blood for their country, it is a small thing that I should give a little ink."

Dr. Conan Doyle is an enthusiast in everything he undertakes, work or play. He is no mean cricketer, and had an average of 31 in first-class cricket last year, playing for the M.C.C. against Leicestershire, Derbyshire, and London County. He "bowls a bit," and had the good fortune to get Grace's wicket the only time he ever bowled to him—a fact he is tempted to have engraved on his tombstone. He has lately started a rifle range at Hindhead, and is responsible for the organisation of a local rifle corps, from which thirty others, all over the country, have taken their rules and their inspiration. In the hope of gaining a seat for what he considered to be the more patriotic party, he stood as Unionist candidate for the Central Division of Edinburgh, in October, 1900, and although he was defeated, his gallant fight will be remembered for many years in the constituency. He decreased the hostile majority by fifteen hundred.

A few last words upon Dr. Conan Doyle's most recent

work, "The Hound of the Baskervilles," which is now being issued as a book, after having run as a serial in England and in America. There has been a grave controversy in several papers as to the literary ethics of resuscitating a character who is dead. "It is not art," was the verdict. But, of course, these critics could not have read the story, for Holmes is not resuscitated. The whole action occurs years before his death. There is no reason why Watson should not have whole portfolios full of reminiscences of the deceased detective.

At the same time, Dr. Conan Doyle fully intended at the time that he wrote the last of the "Memoir" series that he would do no more such stories, and the lapse of six years with many very tempting literary offers failed to shake his resolution. He believed himself, rightly or wrongly, that his inferior was obscuring his better work, and that he should not permit himself to be tempted by money to write what his literary conscience disapproved. That was his ideal; but ideals are difficult things to preserve. His falling away from it was brought about in this fashion. With his friend Mr. Fletcher Robinson he found himself at Cromer, where a long Sunday was spent together in friendly chat. Robinson is a Devonshire man, and he mentioned in conversation some old county legend which set Doyle's imagination on fire. The two men began building up a chain of events, and in a very few hours the plot of a sensational story was conceived, and it was agreed that Doyle should write it. When he came to working out the details, he found, however, that some masterful central figure was needed, some strong man who would influence the whole course of events, and his natural reflection was: "Why should I invent such a character when I have him already in the form of Holmes?" So Sherlock Holmes came back into the *Strand Magazine*, and the public has shown that during an absence of six years they have not entirely lost interest in him.

J. E. Hodder Williams.

From photo by] DR. CONAN DOYLE. [*Barraud.*

AN OMAR KHAYYAM CURIOSITY.*

By G. S. Layard.

WHEN the iconography of Edward Fitzgerald's Ruba'iyat of Omar Khayyam comes to be compiled, there will be one item which will be found to be well-nigh unattainable by the enthusiastic collector. That item is not unnaturally dismissed in a very few words by Colonel W. F. Prideaux in his notes for a Bibliography of Edward Fitzgerald. He is dealing with the third edition, published by Quaritch in the year 1871. "It may be added," he writes, "that a weird frontispiece to this edition was designed and etched by Mr. Edwin Edwards, the artist friend to whom Fitzgerald lent his house at the beginning of 1871, and whose death in 1879 was a source of sorrow to him. A few copies of the etching were struck off, but it did not meet with the approval of Fitzgerald, and was consequently never used."

Now, I am inclined to think that this, as I believe, the only published reference to an extremely interesting rarity, will hardly satisfy the craving of the Fitzgerald enthusiast. I therefore assume to myself the pleasing task of giving the fullest information on the subject, thereby affording the modern Mecænas an opportunity of seeing a reproduction, and learning the particulars, of what only a few of the cult of Omar can ever hope to possess.

Those who know their Ruba'iyat as they should will remember that there are several allusions made by the philosopher to the amusements of his countrymen.

Take the Fitzgerald quatrain:—

> "When you and I behind the veil are passed,
> Oh, but the long, long while the world shall last,
> Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
> As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast."

Here, in the last line, we have what is certainly a rather cryptic allusion to the game of "Ducks and Drakes," "which," says Mr. Edward Heron-Allen in the notes to his admirable translation, "was known to the Egyptians and also to the Greeks under the name of ἐποστρακισμος

* Copyright, G. S. Layard, 1901.

It was played with oyster-shells. The curious are referred to Minutius Felix (A.D. 207), who describes the game in his preface." This last is a gentleman with whose name I am free to confess I have hitherto been unfamiliar, and to whose writings I have no access. I must therefore leave any enthusiastic reader to follow up the clue for himself. However, with the aid of my Liddell and Scott, I find myself able to go one better than Mr. Heron-Allen, and would refer the reader to Archaeologus Pollux (9, 119), whose date is prior to Felix by twenty-nine years!

Another game which we find Omar Khayyam alluding to

AN OMAR KHAYYAM CURIOSITY.

is that of chequers, which is familiar to us in Fitzgerald's oft-quoted quatrain:—

"But helpless pieces of the game he plays
Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays,"

altered in the later edition to:—

"'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days,
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays;
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays
And one by one back in the Closet lays."

Again we have allusion to what is probably some form of the game of tennis in the following:—

"The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes,
And He that tossed Thee down into the Field
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows."

Other passages might be quoted, but these are enough for our purpose, for the form of amusement with which we have immediately to concern ourselves is rather a toy than a game—a toy indeed which would seem to have been the forerunner of a somewhat elaborate apparatus which, being used at first for more frivolous purposes, has now been largely adapted to educational ends.

The Magic Lantern of modern times is generally referred back to Athanasius Kircher, who died in 1680, although, according to some, it was known four centuries earlier to Roger Bacon. This may be true enough so far as the "projecting lantern" is concerned, but it can hardly be doubted that it had in the line of its earlier ancestors the Persian Fanus i Khiyal or Lantern of Fancy, which is used with such effect by the Philosopher of Naisháp̃ur, and which instigated the design of the rare suppressed etching of which it is our object here to treat with some particularity.

As literally translated by Mr. Heron-Allen, the quatrain referring thereto runs as follows:—

"This vault of heaven, beneath which we stand bewildered,
We know to be a sort of magic-lantern;
Know thou that the sun is the lamp flame and the universe is the lamp,
We are like figures that revolve in it."

As literally translated by Mr. John Payne it runs:—"This sphere of the firmament, wherein we are amazed, The Chinese lantern I think a likeness of it; The sun the lamp-stand and the world the lantern; We like the figures are that in it revolve."

As metrically translated by him into a throw-back quatrain it runs:—

"The Sphere and mankind, who therein in amaze are,
Chinese-lantern like, well it may seem, to our gaze are;
See, the sun is the lamp and the world is the lantern
And the figures ourselves, that revolve round the blaze are."

As rendered by Fitzgerald more literally than is his wont it ran in its first state as follows:—

"For, in and out, above, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a box whose Candle is the Sun
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go."

As altered later, it assumed the following more familiar form:—

"We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic-Shadow shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumin'd Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show."

All who have read the published letters of Edward Fitzgerald will have been struck by the infinite pains which he took to make this highest effort of his genius, the translation of Omar, as perfect as possible. His correspondence with his friend Professor Cowell teems with allusions to, and innumerable discussions on, minute points of meaning in the Persian.

Therefore it will not surprise us to find that the figure of the Fanus i Khiyal (literally the lanthorn* of fancy), here made use of in so masterly a manner, had its characteristics and peculiarities carefully considered.

By the kindness of Mrs. Edwin Edwards and Professor Cowell, I am enabled to give extracts from an unpublished letter written by the latter to Fitzgerald in the year 1868,

* It is a not uninteresting fact that the old English spelling of the word "lantern" used above is due to the mistaken association of the word with the plates of transparent horn formerly used in place of glass.

XUM

dealing somewhat exhaustively with the matter. This letter appears to have been forwarded by Fitzgerald to Edwin Edwards, the artist, by way of inspiration for an etched frontispiece to the edition of the Ruba'iyat, which was to be published by Quaritch in 1871, not, I think, 1872, as Colonel Prideaux has it.

From Professor Cowell to Edward Fitzgerald.

My Dear E. F. G.,—I have sent off one letter to you today, but I did not answer a question of yours in it, after all, which you remind me of in your letter just received by this evening's post.

First as to the famous Fanus i Khiyal—you will find it explained in a note by the editor at the end of my Calcutta Review Paper. I have often seen them in Calcutta. The lantern is about a foot and a half high—and nearly a foot in diameter, and it moves round with a slow and slightly vibratory motion. The candle is placed inside, and the draught sends it round. The editor in his note explains how the draught is produced:—They are made of a talc* cylinder with figures of men and animals cut out of paper and pasted on it. The cylinder, which is very light, is suspended on an axis, round which it easily turns. A hole is cut near the bottom, and the part cut out is fixed at an angle to the cylinder so as to form a vane. When a small lamp or candle is placed inside, a current of air is produced which keeps the cylinder slowly revolving. (Here is a small drawing.)

I can't recollect how it was suspended, the reviewer says, "on an axis." I think it was hung by a string from the top over the candle. I remember seeing it go round one evening in our dining-room—the Khánsamah brought one to show me. . . . . .

† Nicolas' Fanus is more elaborate than our Calcutta one, but on the same principle. He says the figures move round from right to left or vice versâ—as may be. His ‡*fanal* is like mine, only it has a metal top and bottom—the cylindrical sides being of waxed cloth and painted; it has a handle fixed on the top which the man holds; the candle is placed inside on the metal floor. . . . . .

(Here is another small drawing). . . . . .

Yours affectionately,

Edw. B. Cowell.

Cambridge, January 16th, 1868.

This letter was illustrated with two rough drawings of the Fanus for Fitzgerald's guidance. The last of them represented the toy held out by a truncated arm. Edwin Edwards, to whom the letter was forwarded, at once with true artistic instinct caught at the suggestion unintentionally conveyed, and, as will be seen from the etching here reproduced, accentuated the hidden presence of the "Master of the Show," by making the arm which holds suspended this "Sun-illumined Lantern" of a world issue from the impenetrable darkness which hides its mysterious lord. Unfortunately, the Fanus is not etched with great success, although the artist made a special visit to the old India Museum, now dispersed, to study an example there on exhibition. Had the etching equalled the conception, the design could hardly have failed to satisfy even Fitzgerald's fastidious requirements. As it was, only a limited number* of proofs (from twenty to twenty-five) were printed by that cleverest printer of etchings, Mrs. Edwin Edwards, and the plate destroyed. Hence their rarity.

The conception is a really fine one, and might well have proved an illustration of the text in the best sense of that much-abused term, being as it is a very different thing from a mere translation of the words into pictorial form. It is far more than this. It is an illuminator of the meaning, and accentuates its spiritual significance. This is what illustration should do, but rarely does do, in these days of rapid and perfunctory production.

Of Edwin Edwards the artist I should like to take this opportunity of saying a word. His name is little known outside artistic circles, and it would be somewhat unfair to advertise it in connection with an etched plate which failed to give satisfaction, without at the same time making allusion to pictorial work which was successful and meritorious. That he did produce work of real value is evident from the fact that one of his oil pictures of the Thames hangs at the Luxembourg in the Salle des Etrangers (for he was always more appreciated in France than in England), and that two years ago another canvas, and that hardly one of the best examples of his work, was chosen by Sir Edward Poynter to be well hung in the Tate Gallery.

It may also be mentioned that high appreciation of his talents has been shown across the Channel by eulogistic articles in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, *Les Beaux Arts Illustrès*, *La Vie Moderne*, *L'Art*, etc., etc.

It is, however, on his work as an etcher that his reputation must chiefly rest, and it would be more than unjust to allow the artist who produced such a *tour de force* as the great etching of "London from the Greenwich Observatory," to mention only one of his three hundred and seventy-one works in this medium, to be advertised, as I have said, by an etching, finely conceived, it is true, but unsatisfactorily carried to an issue.

Not that these facts will in any way affect the thorough-going rarity-hunter in his estimate of the suppressed plate here described. It will be enough for him to know that not more than a quarter of a hundred of his rivals can own a proof of the etching to make him ready to sell his last shirt for its acquisition. He will continue to value a print for its rarity rather than for its beauty, a book for its height in millimetres rather than for its depth in thought.

No doubt these be hard words. Then why, it will be asked, pander to so foolish a passion? Shall I confess? Yes, indeed, and glory in the confession that I, too, am of the gentle brotherhood, that I, too, am a subscriber to *The Connoisseur* (or "The Connoyzer," as my friend at Mr. W. H. Smith's bookstall calls that delightful publication), that I, too,—in fine, that I am, by the favour of Fortune, a possessor of the suppressed etching to the Omar of 1871!

* Several of these have gone to America.

* This word is curiously enough misprinted "tall" in both Nichols' and Quaritch's editions of Mr. Heron-Allen's book, whilst in the note to Professor Cowell's article it is printed "tale." It is something of a record, I should think, to find so many compositors and readers all at fault.—G. S. L.

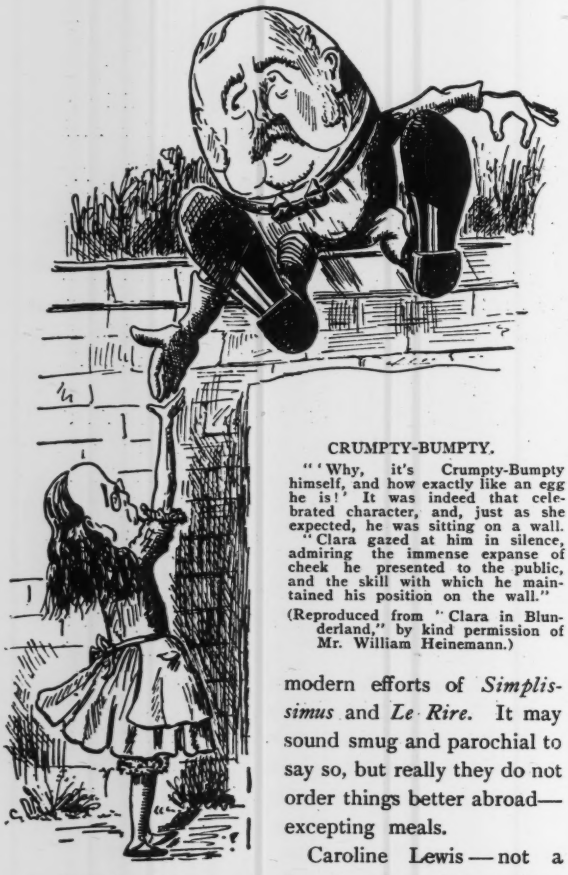
† Professor Cowell here refers to J. B. Nicolas, author of a French translation of Omar, published at Paris, 1867. In a note to "Les quatrains de Khëyam traduit du Persan," he says: "In Persia the lantern is made of two copper basins, separated by a shade of waxed calico about a yard high. The lower one contains the candle, and the upper one has a handle for the arm of the ferrásh who carries it. The shade is folded like the familiar 'Chinese lantern.' Ornaments are painted on the cloth, and it is to the vacillation of these, as the carrier shifts it from one hand to another, that Omar refers."—G. S. L.

‡ Qy.: Has this French word for lantern the same root as Fanus? —G. S. L.

POLITICS AND PARODIES.*

By W. PETT RIDGE.

THE world is made tolerable by the fact that nothing in it is too serious to be laughed at; the more pompous and the more grandiloquent a man is, the more easily he lends himself to caricature. Here, for instance, are two books devoted to pleasant satire of political life. They can be read both by the stern, unbending Tory and by the fierce, stalwart Radical, and perusal of them might almost bring front benches closer together. They were wanted. Looked at by the casual observer, political affairs seem to err on the side of dulness. *Punch*, it is true, has for years found in the House a happy hunting-ground, and the admirable *Westminster* there finds subjects for those cartoons that erase wrinkles from the foreheads of tired City men, and make every artist wonder distractedly why he has not anticipated "F. C. G."; whilst in the *Pall Mall* "B." is doing good work from a different point of view; this is well, because we cannot all occupy the same chair, and the point of view depends on where you are sitting. And without claiming too much for Mr. E. T. Reed or for any other caricaturist of the day, one may be allowed to urge that this modern scheme of gentle satire is better than the earlier manner of Gilray and Rowlandson; better even than the



CRUMPTY-BUMPTY.

"'Why, it's Crumpty-Bumpty himself, and how exactly like an egg he is!' It was indeed that celebrated character, and, just as she expected, he was sitting on a wall.

"Clara gazed at him in silence, admiring the immense expanse of cheek he presented to the public, and the skill with which he maintained his position on the wall."

(Reproduced from "Clara in Blunderland," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

modern efforts of *Simplissimus* and *Le Rire*. It may sound smug and parochial to say so, but really they do not order things better abroad—excepting meals.

Caroline Lewis—not a very ingenious pen-name, by the bye—has written a parody of "Alice in Wonderland," with Mr. Balfour for heroine; Mr. Chaplin as the Dodo; Mr. Winston

IN THE KITCHEN AT "THE CONSERVATORY."

"'Ah! my dear,' said the Duchess to Clara, 'you don't know what respectability a real Dalmeny Cat, one that can appear and disappear just as it likes, and that does nothing but sneer, lends to an establishment of this sort. We found it, "mee-yowing," in a lonely furrow, sneering so dreadfully because the people next door had turned it out, that we determined to offer it a home.'

All this time the Cat did nothing but sneer at Clara, and wink solemnly, as if it understood all about the Duchess and the baby, and the Cook; and Clara thought to herself it wouldn't stop long in their company."

(Reproduced from "Clara in Blunderland," by kind permission of Mr. William Heinemann.)

Churchill (of England) as the Caterpillar; Lord Rosebery as the Cheshire Cat; Sir Henry C.-B. as Crumpty-Bumpty who sat on a stile; and Mr. Chamberlain as the Red Queen. It all looks very easy, as clever things do until one tries one's own hand at them; the verses, perhaps, show signs of a more practised hand than the prose. Sir William Harcourt, as the Walrus, makes an appeal:—

"The sober voters looked at him,
Their followers were many.
The sober voters winked their eye,
And did not give a penny.
Meaning to say, tho' much obliged,
They were not taking any."

The book is not too well served by its drawings; there is in some an absence of what artists, I believe, call values: the foreground and the background are too close to each other. The Cheshire Cat on page 36 happens to be more like a flattering portrait of the present reviewer than of Lord Rosebery.

In "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," Mr. F. Carruthers Gould has both written and illustrated in the spirit of the fourteenth century a political history of the last sixteen years. (This ambidextrous tendency on the part of artists will have to be watched; it may become necessary for some of us to join an Art school.) Events are so easily crowded out of one's mind, and occurrences tread so hurriedly on each other's heels that, whilst comparatively remote incidents such as the Battle of Hastings and the signing of the Magna Charta are quite fresh in the memory, it would be difficult, if challenged, to give the date of the Pigott affair or certain detailed circumstances of the Home Rule split. Here in this volume are reminders of these events and many others, reminders brought so near to the present hour as to include reference to the Chesterfield speech—"This made a great commotion, and for the most there was great joy to see him again, and to listen to his counsel"; reference also to the cleaning of slates. Memories are herein jogged of black days and of white days in the war, when "Sir Bon Vieux Buller was able at last to succour the garrison of Ladysmith, which had been bravely held by Sir George le Blanc." It is a blessèd thing

* "Clara in Blunderland." By Caroline Lewis. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)
"Froissart's Modern Chronicles." By F. Carruthers Gould. 3s. 6d. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. F. CARRUTHERS GOULD—"F. C. G."

From a painting by his son, Mr. A. Carruthers Gould, reproduced by his kind permission.

that nations, like men, do not ponder overmuch on the past; but it is well that they should be reminded of the events that were, if only for the purpose of guiding future actions; certainly it is agreeable to read of them in a history of our own times presented in this attractive manner. To the drawings would be offered the highest praise, only that, if one gave this to the drawings, then there would be nothing left to offer to the good temper, the fairness, and the excellent humour that prompt the movement of a pencil that is always pointed, but never hurts. The popularity of such work encourages the belief which some of us hold, that the world as it grows is becoming more tolerant, more genial, more kind. One remark to add. If honours were only given where honours are due (but this would entail a drastic change in procedure), then for all his contributions to the amusement of the people would "F. G. C." at some time in June of this year have to call himself Lord Carruthers d'Or, first Baron of *Westminster*.

New Writer.

MR. E. H. LACON WATSON.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Lacon Watson has been delighting the more critical public for some little time by his versatility and graceful fancy in his volumes of essays, his first sustained effort in fiction has been lately given us in "Christopher Deane," a novel which has attracted a

From photo by [*Hollyer.*

MR. E. H. LACON WATSON.

good deal of attention from a wide range of readers, and that deservedly, appealing as it does to the schoolboy, the undergraduate, and the man who has moved on from school and college days into the larger world. Few books since the appearance of "Tom Brown" and "Tom Brown at Oxford" have given so vivid and robust a picture of those days and experiences as is to be found in "Christopher Deane." The author, as all readers must feel from the beginning, has here written of things that he knows at first-hand.

Mr. Watson is a native of Leicestershire, having been born at Sharnford, in that county, in 1865. He is a son of Canon Watson, rector of that parish for more than fifty years, and honorary canon of Peterborough. Mr. Watson was—as was his hero in "Christopher Deane"—a scholar of Winchester, the traditions and customs of which fine old school he recounts with so much freshness. From Winchester he went to Caius College, Cambridge, where he took a second in the Classical Tripos in 1887, entering as a student at the Inner Temple in 1886.

After leaving Cambridge, Mr. Watson turned his attention to teaching, and was for seven years a schoolmaster, first at a private school in Reading, and later at Blair Lodge, Stirlingshire. The man of literary bent, however, seldom fails to feel in time the need of the larger life of the metropolis, and in 1894 he came to London.

Soon after this the deft and pleasant essays began to appear in various magazines—in *Macmillan's*, the *Westminster Review*, and the *Gentleman's Magazine*—which in 1896 were published in volume form, under the title of "The Unconscious Humourist." The little book attracted notice and received genuine praise from critics whose approbation was well worth having. Mr. Watson's next volume was one of poetry, "Verses Suggested and Original," in which his delicate fancy was seen to advantage. This, again, was followed by a second volume of essays, "An Attic in Bohemia," a shrewd, humorous "diary without dates," light in treatment, but maintaining throughout a high literary standard. In 1898 Mr. Watson's fourth volume, "Benedictine," appeared. This contained sketches of married life, in which everyday topics were treated with a delightful acuteness of observation and brightness. Of "Christopher Deane," his latest work, it has been affirmed that it contains the best boat-race in fiction, rivalling, if not surpassing, Henry Kingsley's in "Ravenshoe."

Mr. Watson was for some time on the staff of *Literature*, and is a popular writer for the *Pall Mall*, the *Field*, and several other papers.

THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

NEW REGULATIONS FOR THE YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

In future all criticisms of MSS. will be posted direct to the authors as soon as possible after receipt. Two coupons out from current numbers of "The Bookman" (see p. 32), together with a stamped addressed envelope, must be enclosed with each MS.

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Editor of the Young Authors' Page,
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Terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.

New Books.

SIR MOUNTSTUART GRANT DUFF'S VICTORIAN ANTHOLOGY.*

It is—if I may misquote a pleasant remark of Sainte Beuve's—a delicate business to criticise an anthology, especially for one who has himself anthologised a little before now. Therefore of the taste displayed by Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff in his "Victorian Anthology" let me merely say that I find it interesting, and interesting mainly because it is so far from coinciding with my own—which may be praise, or may be blame, yet needs not be either. The taste is, at all events, Sir Mountstuart's own; and, as he says wisely, "in such a book the personal equation ought to be very much to the front; if the choice of poems be not thoroughly individual, the result will be good for very little." If Sir Mountstuart find poetry, for instance, in Praed's "Verses on Seeing the Speaker Asleep in his Chair"—

> "Sleep, Mr. Speaker, 'tis surely fair
> If you mayn't in your bed, that you should in your chair"—

or in a Newdigate by the late Dean Burgon, subject "Petra"—

> "Match me such marvel save in Eastern clime,
> A rose-red city half as old as Time!"—

or in Lord Strangford's "The Aristocracy of France"—

> "Oh, never yet was theme so meet for roundel or romance
> As the ancient aristocracy and chivalry of France"—

by all means let him find it, say I; since he has "not the slightest desire to maintain, by the present publication, any critical theory, or to enable my readers to study the general development of poetry during the Victorian Age . . . . but if the ayes to the right exceed the noes to the left sufficiently to give one what we used to call in the House of Commons 'a good division,' I shall be perfectly satisfied." To aims and hopes so modestly pitched he must be indeed a churl who does not wish success.

But what delights me in this volume is less the poetry collected by Sir Mountstuart than the style in which he gossips about its authors. For compressed elegance and pertinence I know nothing (outside the immortal works of the late Mr. Edward Lear) to compare with it. For an instance take this, on Dante Gabriel Rossetti:—

> "The years from 1850 to 1860 seem to be thought those in which he achieved most in painting. His collected poems had been buried with his wife in 1862, but were exhumed by permission of Henry Bruce, later Lord Aberdare, when he was Home Secretary, and published in 1870."

or this, on William Morris:—

> "William Morris (1834-1899) would have been a useful person in his generation if he had done nothing more than give a powerful and enduring impulse to the beautifying of our houses; but as far back as 1858 he was recognised as a true poet. In 1867 appeared the 'Life and Death of Jason,' while in 1873 came the book by which he is best known, 'The Earthly Paradise.' Many may wish that he had kept to work of this class, and had not wasted his time over Socialistic follies."

or this, on Roden Noel:—

> "Roden Berkeley Wriothesley Noel (1834-1894) was the fourth son of the first Lord Gainsborough. He was educated at Trinity, Cambridge, and took his degree in 1858. He wrote a great many volumes of poetry, was much interested in philosophy, and became a member of the Metaphysical Society, but died suddenly while travelling in Germany."

"But," here, seems to me excellent; and the same adversative conjunction is hardly less delicately used in the following notice:—

> "Sydney Thompson Dobell (1824-1874) was the son of a wine merchant residing in Kent, who, however, removed to Cheltenham while his son was still a boy. All through his life he carried on more or less his father's business, but the strength of his mind went chiefly to literature. . . . He wrote a good deal which was much more admired forty years ago than it is now. . . . He appears, too, to have been a very useful man in Gloucestershire, where he usually lived when on this side of the Channel. Starting with wildly Radical ideas, he gradually sobered into a sensible, steady-going Liberal."

Alfred Domett, too—one is equally glad to discover—was "a very useful man" in New Zealand. "What's become of Waring?" asked Browning. "In Vishnu-land what Avatar?—

> "Or who in Moscow, towards the Czar,
> With the demurest of footfalls
> Over the Kremlin's pavement, bright
> With serpentine and syenite,
> Steps, with five other Generals
> That simultaneously take snuff?"

Sir Mountstuart knocks all this nonsense on the head. "His departure," he says, "was more satisfactory in its results than could have been expected, seeing that in his new country he filled nearly all the chief offices in the Administration, and wrote his name on the early annals of the Colony."

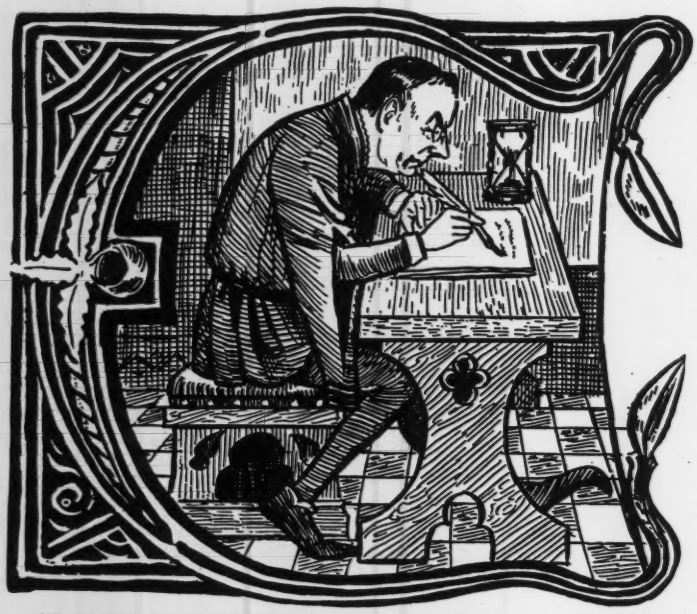
I have (I hope) by this time extracted enough to prove Sir Mountstuart's a delightful book, and hardly more indebted for its pleasing qualities to the masterpieces of poetry he has brought within its covers than to his own remarkable commentary in prose. Here and there, to be sure, his appreciation seems to me over-generous; as when he tells us that "Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830-1894) succeeded brilliantly in more than one totally different kind of poetry." To succeed even moderately in only one totally different kind of poetry is usually held to lie beyond human compass. Sir

ATTACKING THE LORDS.
(Westminster Records.)

"And so it fortuned that when Sir Gladstone le Grand and the Buffs came before the castle of the lords and called on them to yield, the lords of the Blues made mock of them. The Buffs displayed the banner of home rule before the walls, and sent forward a herald to ask the lords, 'Are ye content to let us pass that we may pursue the advantage that we have won in battle?'
"Upon this the lords of the Blues gathered together on the wall and shouted with one voice, 'We be all noncontents!'"

(Reproduced from F. C. Gould's "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

* "The Victorian Anthology." Edited by the Right Hon. Sir Mountstuart E. Grant Duff, G.C.S.I., F.R.S. 7s. 6d. (Swan Sonnenschein and Co.)



SIR JOSEPH DE BIRMINGHAM WRITETH A DISPATCH TO OOM PAUL.

"Many complaints had been made to Sir Joseph de Birmingham of the burdens and oppressions suffered by those who sought gold in the territories of Oom Paul, and to become burghers therein, and Sir Joseph set himself pushfully to remedy these grievances, but with no avail, for Oom Paul had little love for Sir Joseph."

(Reproduced from F. C. Gould's "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

Mountstuart may be right; but I, for one, feel safer under his literary guidance when he is telling us that Irish politics are crazy; or that he was at college with Bishop Patteson; or that Lady Nairne "was born before anyone else save Rogers" (curiously as that assertion would populate Eden); or that if Lord Byron had lived to be seventy, he would have long been a subject of Queen Victoria.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

THE SCENERY OF ENGLAND.*

This is one of those books which it is a pleasure to review. Here we have an interesting subject treated in an attractive manner, a book printed in clear type with very few typographic faults, and with illustrations which are numerous, artistic, and appropriate.

The subject, although not quite new, is yet one on which the literature accessible to the non-geological public is singularly scanty. This is not surprising when we remember of how recent growth is the appreciation of the æsthetics of scenery. The literatures of the old classic world, Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and even that of our own Elizabethan period, show comparatively few traces of the influence of the attractive charms of those majestic and romantic elements in scenery, upon the search for which the holiday-makers of Britain nowadays spend annually several millions sterling. It is to Scott pre-eminently, and in a lesser degree to Thomson and to the Lake School, that the education of the public taste in this direction is due. In former days Pennant, even though a Welshman, could recall Loch Duich without ecstasy, and could survey Loch Hourn without betraying any quickening of pulse. Upon him the impression made by the beautiful surroundings of Castle Campbell was expressed by the bad pun that it was in the parish of "Dolour, bounded by the glens of Care, and washed by the burns of Sorrow."

In the introductory chapter the author gives a certain amount of preliminary explanation of the rudiments of geology, so that the technical terms employed may be rendered intelligible. His definitions are for the most part clear, and, where necessary, illustrated by diagrams. This done, he proceeds to introduce his readers to the general principles of the artistic anatomy of the English landscape, and to the morphological evolution of its features. The amount of detail in the descriptions illustrative of each section of the subject is necessarily great, and thereby some chapters may seem a little tedious when the reader is not familiar with the places described; but without this detail the work would have been incomplete, and even these become luminous when read on the spot with the phenomena under the student's eye.

The extent of the subject and the fulness with which it is treated make it impossible to review this treatise section by section in a short notice like the present. Suffice it to say that anyone interested in the interpretation of natural phenomena will find it well worthy of careful study. It can be recommended to the holiday-seeker in any part of England as an instructive companion, with whom he can spend many a profitable hour in examining the features of the landscapes which surround him in the light of the principles which are here so lucidly unfolded.

It is consolatory, to all but the riparian landlords concerned, to learn that, while in some places the sea is encroaching on the land, yet the material so removed is being deposited elsewhere, so that in point of area the gain in the latter places more than compensates the loss in the former.

The section dealing with the influence of agriculture in modifying the English landscape is interesting, and from it we learn the strange fact that the nature of local land tenures influences the character of rural scenery in several easily recognisable respects.

The author has, with much skill, digested the voluminous local descriptions given by the geological surveyors, and by others who have worked up the details of topographical geology. He makes throughout full acknowledgment of his indebtedness to these authors, and gives accurate references to all his sources of information. He appropriately acknowledges what he owes to those who have preceded

THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

(From a stained-glass window.)

(Reproduced from F. C. Gould's "Froissart's Modern Chronicles," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

* "The Scenery of England, and the Causes to Whi[illegible]t is Due." By the Right Hon. Lord Avebury. 15s. (Macmillan.)

him in this special field of work, such as Ramsay, Mackintosh, and especially Marr.

By accident the map on page 406 is upside down, and at the foot of page 474 it is not quite clear that by the unit of measurement the author really means a rood, not an acre; but these are very insignificant matters. ALEX. MACALISTER.

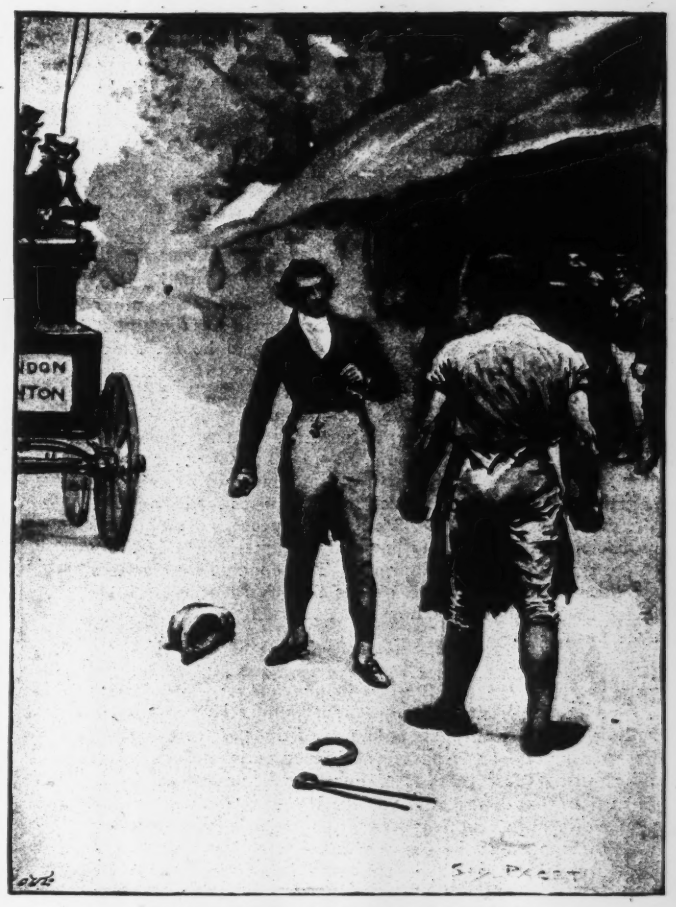
MIND IN EVOLUTION.*

There can be little doubt that one of the first impressions that a man receives as the result of some slight study of that view of things that will for ever be associated with Darwin's name is that Evolution and Progress are more or less synonymous terms. He reads of the working of the great factor Natural Selection; the phrase "survival of the fittest" sticks in his mind. He comes to believe that adaptability is everything, and that it alone won survival for the fortunate creatures that possessed that quality in greatest measure. It does not occur to him that possibly no forms of life are so perfectly adapted to their environment as parasites, which on his new-found view must therefore be the paragons of Evolution. It is almost needless to remark that neither Darwin nor Herbert Spencer is to blame for this deduction, and yet it is so commonly made that Mr. Hobhouse is perfectly justified in starting from a reasoned refutation of it. He maintains successfully that the tendency of Evolution as a whole is not so much to produce the highest types as to produce as many as possible. If, however, man be taken as the crown of the process, and if the highest thing in man be Mind or Spirit, then in tracing the Evolution of Mind we are following Evolution as it moves upward. The author's purpose accordingly is "to enquire into the character, tendency and scope of Orthogenic Evolution; in other words, into the growth of mind."

Now, inasmuch as the generic function of mind is the correlation of all that makes up Life, its growth will be seen in "the widening scope and increasing articulateness of correlation." There are, however, other methods that likewise work towards this end of the organisation of Life, and it is necessary to consider them in order to obtain a "just conception of the distinctive nature of intelligence." In the chapter that consequently deals with Organic Adaptability, we have some interesting criticism of various points in Verworn's Allgemeine Physiologie. In treating of Regeneration, Mr. Hobhouse would have found modification of some of the data taken from Wilson's "The Cell in Development and Inheritance" in the second edition of that work, published nearly a year ago, while a further storehouse is now at his command in the recently published volume on Regeneration in the same series by T. H. Morgan. None the less the author finds a valid differentia between machine and organism in the tendency of the latter to maintain itself through process and against change.

Perhaps the chapter on Instinct, the device directed towards the organisation and maintenance of Life which is most closely allied to Intelligence, forms one of the most satisfactory in the book, inasmuch as its conclusions are amongst the most definite. Time was when Instinct and Intelligence were set in absolute and irredeemable contrast with one another, and a differentia was supposed to have been found in the pronouncement that Instinct was incapable of further development, while Intelligence on the other hand was indeterminate in this respect. But

* "Mind in Evolution." By L. T. Hobhouse. 10s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)



LORD FREDERICK AND CHAMPION HARRISON.

"Encouraged by the cries, the young aristocrat advanced upon his man. The smith never moved, but his mouth set grim and hard, while his tufted brows came down over his keen grey eyes. The tongs had fallen, and his hands were hanging free. 'Have a care, master,' said he. 'You'll get pepper if you don't.'"

(Reproduced from "Rodney Stone," by kind permission of Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co.)

BRIGADIER GERARD, THE ABBOT AND THE INNKEEPER.

"I struggled to rise, but I could only flounder like a hamstrung horse. I was strapped at the ankles, strapped at the knees, and strapped again at the wrists. Only my eyes were free to move, and there, at the foot of my couch, by the light of a Portuguese lamp, whom should I see but the Abbot and the Innkeeper."

(Reproduced from "The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

more careful study has shown that Instinct is not only even in many cases implanted in an imperfect condition at birth, but has to be developed up to the average, and moreover is on occasion capable of further development. In short it is a product of Evolution, and in its highest expressions is so blended with Intelligence that there is difficulty in unravelling the two strands. Mr. Hobhouse gives a useful summary of the evidence on these points, making it very clear that Intelligence "arises within the sphere of Instinct," and that though in idea Intelligence and Instinct are quite distinct, yet "we can draw no sharp and distinct line between them in nature."

The bulk of the book is devoted to a study of Intelligence, and to the description of experiments conducted by the author with a view to testing the powers of learning among the higher animals. He allows to them a "capacity to hold distinct elements in relation"—"a direction of action to an external change" correlated even with a remoter end. This he calls a Practical Judgment, as distinguished from a Logical Judgment, where the synthesis is put in actual words. Conceptual thought is likewise denied them. It may be matter for regret that Mr. Hobhouse's original investigations lead to so many negative results, and to so much that "requires further proof," but everyone who is interested in the problems of animal psychology will be glad to place his volume alongside those of Romanes and Lloyd Morgan. The concluding chapters are devoted to a somewhat diffuse though never wholly uninteresting study of Orthogenic Evolution in the highest spheres of Life.

J. Y. SIMPSON.

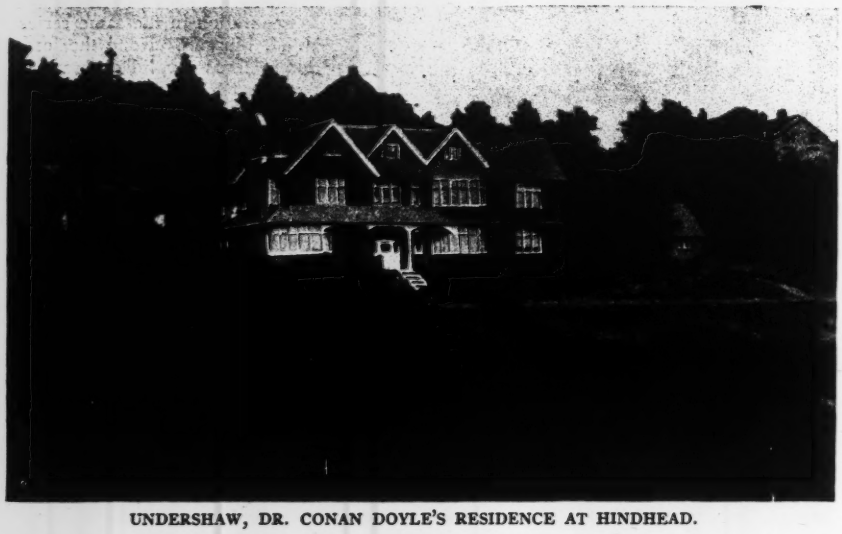
From photo by DR. CONAN DOYLE. [*Russell and Sons.*

DANTE AND GIOVANNI DEL VIRGILIO.*

Students of Dante are apt, we suspect, to have a kind of feeling that, as not much is known of the poet's life during the twenty years or so passed by him in exile, the history of Italy during those years is of less interest or importance to them than that of the events which led up to the great catastrophe of his life, and tempered his genius into the instrument which was to shape the *Commedia*. Yet, as a matter of fact, those were the years which really moulded Dante's character, and gave its special qualities to the great poem. He left Florence in 1302 a learned and thoughtful man, no doubt, but a man concerned primarily with the local politics of a small state, and starting, it would seem, from much the same premisses as the people with whom he was in daily intercourse, a Guelf among Guelfs, caring chiefly to keep his own state free from Papal aggression or foreign interference. Exile first set him seriously thinking on the mischief which party spirit and personal ambitions were working in the Italian states, and on the best form of polity to avert them. Thus he hailed with joy the promise of a renewed and reinvigorated Empire, which the election of that "selfless man and stainless gentleman," Henry of Luxemburg, seemed to hold out. So far, and so far only, was Dante ever a Ghibeline; and when, after five years of unceasing effort to "set Italy straight before she was ready for it," Henry died broken-hearted, his political allegiance was laid in Henry's grave. Henceforward he "made a party for himself." In the latter parts of the "Paradise," written during the last years of his life, the detachment from small personal and political details is very noticeable. For the most part, his "conversation is in heaven," and when the affairs of earth are touched upon, it is not in the form of invective against individuals, such as the reader has hitherto been familiar enough with, but either solemn denunciation in general terms of the existing disorders or of contrasts between his present surroundings and those he has left.

It so happens that, besides the indications of the *Commedia*, we have other evidence of the serener mood which came over Dante in these autumn years of his life. About 1319, while he was living at Ravenna, more or less under the protection of Guido da Polenta, the lord of that city, a member, by the way, of a Guelf house, he received from a Bolognese scholar, known from his devotion to the great Latin poet as Joannes de Virgilio, a letter, cast in the form of a Latin Eclogue, in which, under the guise of pastoral imagery, he was exhorted no longer to fling away his pearls upon swine and clothe the Muses in the unworthy garb of a vernacular, but write a real poem on some of the stirring events which recent times had brought forth. Dante in a similar strain replies, not without some pleasant banter, that when he has finished the "Paradise" he will, with his correspondent's permission, be happy "to bind his head with ivy and bay," that is, join the ranks of the true *vates*, those who wrote in the only language worthy of a scholar and a gentleman, and abandon the trivial task of a mere vernacular versifier. De Virgilio rejoins in a second epistle, pressing him to come to Bologna. Another reply from Dante, per-

* "Dante and Giovanni del Virgilio." By P. H. Wicksteed and E. G. Gardner. 12s. (Constable.)



UNDERSHAW, DR. CONAN DOYLE'S RESIDENCE AT HINDHEAD.

haps put into shape by another hand after his death, closes the correspondence. There is practically no doubt of its genuineness. Several MSS. of it exist, one almost certainly written in Boccaccio's own hand; it is full of allusions, some still awaiting explanation, to contemporary events; and it affords, as we have said, a most pleasant glimpse of Dante's last years.

If Messrs. Wicksteed and Gardner had done no more than supply the previous neglect of English Dante-scholars to edit critically and comment on these poems, they would have deserved well of students. But they have done a good deal more than this. Rightly thinking that the work of anyone who had come into so close contact with the great poet could not fail to have an interest of its own, they have appended some more specimens of the Bolognese scholar's poetical epistles, including one addressed to a man famous enough in north-east Italy in his own day, though now forgotten save by a few students of history or the latest mediæval literature—Albertinus Mussatus of Padua. Poet, statesman, and patriot, with something more than the mere partisanship that then did duty for patriotism in Italy, Mussato seems to have held a place only second to Dante in de Virgilio's admiration; and after Dante's death the stream of pastoral verse from Bologna flowed in his direction. At any rate, de Virgilio was no time-server, for before the long epistle here given was despatched, Mussato, too, was a banished man. However, the introduction of it in this volume affords an excuse for an interesting sketch of the Paduan statesman's career, which, in combination with another dealing with Dante's later years, ought to go far to convince Dante students that the history of those years has pretty nearly as much importance for them as that of the affairs of Florence while he was still within its walls.

The authors deserve every credit for the diligence and almost German thoroughness (without German ponderosity) with which they have investigated what was, for English readers at any rate, practically an untouched region of Dante study.

A. J. Butler.

DR. CONAN DOYLE ATTENDING WOUNDED CANADIANS IN THE LANGMAN HOSPITAL.
From a photograph by Mr. Owen Scott.
(Reproduced by kind permission of the *Illustrated London News.*)

THE WESTCOTES.*

It is very rare to come across a book which so fully satisfies the demands of the fastidious reader as does Mr. Quiller-Couch's latest story. A light, graceful structure, finely proportioned, with not one clumsy excrescence, it has all the artistic merit of the best of the writer's shorter tales. But it is not only our sense of art that is ministered to; the book is a masterpiece of delicate sentiment. The scene is laid in a West Country town, at the time of the Napoleonic wars, and the main persons of the drama are, on the one hand, members of a highly respectable, solid local family, and on the other, French prisoners of war stationed in their neighbourhood. Romance has its unforeseen, irresistible way with the heart of a plain woman of thirty-seven, who responds shyly, staidly, but with burning gratitude to the attentions of a Frenchman almost young enough to be her son. This is a theme which could be decently handled by, say, one writer in a thousand. Mr. Quiller-Couch is that one; and he has created an unforgettable woman. Dorothea's late blossoming of romance is treated with perfect sincerity. Its crudity, its perilous nearness to the ridiculous are never concealed; nor is her own helplessness in dealing with a situation too difficult for her. Yet she comes out of the coil with a halo of pathetic dignity. Her shrinkings and her incapacities are not of our time. We have changed all that for our women—

* "The Westcotes." By A. T. Quiller-Couch. 6s. (Arrowsmith.)

DR. CONAN DOYLE AND HIS TWO CHILDREN IN THE GARDEN AT HINDHEAD.

or so we say. And yet among the more self-reliant, more boisterous types in the living world around us, is there one that is more real than Dorothea?

But the writer has not given the deprecating heroine undue prominence. The book is a gallery, a small, selected gallery, of gems of portraiture. Raoul, the lover, is a finely discriminating study of a fascinating young Frenchman, whose emotional nature, with its need of drama and of audience, and whose wit tempt him to belie his real nobility. But our special delight is Endymion, the stately, high-handed, benevolent banker-squire, with his pride in his tolerance, in his culture, and his consummate talent for saying the wrong thing with a conscious air of being specially delicate and keen-witted. Nowhere is there caricature. His capability is given as much weight as his pompousness. The humour of his portrait depends greatly on the fine moderation of the painter, who, with a few light touches, lets us see the man. "I take, you must know," says Endymion, "a somewhat broad view on such matters—may I, without offence, term it a liberal one? . . . . 'A broad-minded fellow' was the general verdict; and some admirers added that ideas which in weaker men might seem to lean towards free thought, and even towards Jacobinism, became Mr. Westcote handsomely enough. He knew how to carry them off, to wear them lightly as flourishes and ornaments of his robust common sense, and might be trusted not to go too far. Endymion, who had an exquisite *flair* for the approval of his own class, soon learned to take an honest pride in his liberalism and to enjoy its discreet display." Let us thank Mr. Quiller-Couch with heartiness for allowing us to share his enjoyment of Endymion.

A. MACDONELL.

FIVE PAINTERS AND A CRITIC.*

The critical faculties of Sir Wyke Bayliss are sufficiently well known to make it unnecessary to state that his new book, "Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era," is an animated and interesting performance. If there is one objection to be brought against it, it is that it is seldom wise or satisfactory to describe great men by semi-allegorical descriptions and sub-titles, such as "The Painter of the Gods," "The Painter of Men and Women," or "The Painter of Love and Life." Works of art do, indeed, leave a moral impression, but that moral impression is almost always too complex to be defined in a phrase, and generally varies with the character of the recipient; just as a piece of music which is described on the programme as suggestive of a village carnival may convey to one auditor the idea of the gates of elfland and to another the idea of a horse going by. And the moment we come to look at Sir Wyke Bayliss' general descriptions we are almost startled by the frequent divergence between his impressions and our own. For example, the sub-title of Sir Edward Burne-Jones in this volume is "The Painter of the Golden Age." An age less golden than that depicted in Burne-Jones' pictures we ourselves find it difficult to imagine. Surely the essence of the idea of the age of gold was that it was the symbol of the youth and innocence and hilarity of all things. And surely the very essence of the strange figures and sweet landscapes of Burne-Jones is that they are the symbol of the passion and experience and graceful resignation of all things. Under all their strange crowns and sunset-coloured garments, they are the pictures, not of the Golden Age, but most emphatically of the nineteenth century. They represent that sad satisfaction, that quietude, hopeless and yet not unhappy, which has been a dominant note in the intellectual class in our time. Sir Wyke Bayliss speaks with just contempt of the trumpery sarcasm which Monsieur de la Sizeranne and other realists have directed towards Burne-Jones' ideal of beauty. But though there can be no question of the transcendent loveliness of the painter's vision, there can be quite as little doubt, I think, about its essential mood and meaning. Sir Wyke Bayliss thinks the Golden Age consists of silver sunsets and purple orchards. The soul of man cannot be satisfied with sunsets and orchards, and every face that Burne-Jones ever painted expressed the truth that it cannot so be satisfied. Burne-Jones was a great painter and a great poet too, but there is immeasurably more of the Golden Age in Wilkie's "Blind Man's Buff."

Again, to pursue this somewhat ungracious, but not, we think, unessential protest against the sub-titles, it would scarcely have occurred to everyone to describe Mr. G. F. Watts as "The Painter of Love and Life." It would rather appear that if there is one characteristic which really separates Mr. Watts from the majority of symbolic or ideal artists it is the fact that he is less inspired by those softer and more human influences which we associate with love and life, and more by those terrible abstractions of order and judgment which avenge without anger and bless almost without benignity. Mr. Watts' moral spirit is noble and inspiring, but it often has about as much to do with love and life as the first book of Euclid, which is also a noble and inspiring work when properly understood. It is supremely significant that the greatest work of Mr. Watts, and something very like the

"WHERE'S THAT PLUM PUDDING?"

A Christmas card sent out by Dr. Conan Doyle, showing his favourite bulldog, a present from Mr. Jerome K. Jerome.

* "Five Great Painters of the Victorian Era." By Sir Wyke Bayliss. 8s. 6d. net. (Sampson Low.)

THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.

"The moon was shining bright upon the clearing, and there in the centre, lay the unhappy maid where she had fallen, dead of fear and fatigue. But it was not the sight of her body, nor yet was it that of the body of Hugo Baskerville lying near her, which raised the hair upon the heads of these three dare-devil roysterers, but it was that, standing over Hugo, and plucking at his throat, there stood a foul thing, a great black beast shaped like a hound, yet larger than any hound that ever mortal eye had rested upon."

(Reproduced from "The Hound of the Baskervilles," by kind permission of Messrs. George Newnes, Ltd.)

greatest work in modern English art, is the painting, not of a face, but of a draped and shrouded back. It would be difficult to find anything grander or more characteristic than the sublime agnosticism of the figure of Death in "Love and Death," with the hand uplifted and the face hidden. This is nothing so easy or so comfortable as a mere faith in love and life. It is a faith in the superhuman, almost in the inhuman powers; a strange and audacious faith in time, death, and judgment.

The essay on Mr. Watts, internally considered, is one of the very best in this very interesting volume. Sir Wyke Bayliss raises a spirited and sensible protest against the absurd habit of talking about the fallen and unheroic character of the age, and the unrecoverable beauty of former times. Even among a hundred cants one may have a certain preference for the cants which accelerate and make smooth in comparison with the cants which obstruct and discourage. The whole nonsense about the degenerate world and the glory of Athens and old Florence may be dealt with in two very obvious remarks. There are quite as many men now as there were then who are devoted to great dreams and great labours. And there were quite as many men then as there are now who thought that such people had ceased to appear upon the earth. But it would be difficult to put the case better than Sir Wyke Bayliss puts it against a hopelessness which alone, amid a universe based upon hope, does its feeble best to bring about the very paralysis which it satirises and laments. Another excellent passage in the book is the Epilogue, the parable of the relations of religion and art told in the form of a story about an artist and the decoration of a font. Sir Wyke Bayliss represents in a certain sense an old school of art criticism, the Ruskinian school, which connected art definitely with spiritual and national duties. But that old school was immeasurably more philosophical than the new school of "art for art's sake," for it was at least an attempt at a sane synthesis of human life. Art for Art's sake is in its nature merely a superstition. For anything becomes a superstition when it is absolutely separated from all other considerations, whether it be religious exercises or scientific research on art, or beer, or foreign stamps. The drunkard, for example, is merely an idolater, and his motto is "beer for beer's sake." Against this view the higher rationalism of Sir Wyke Bayliss and his school stands in creditable protest. We know that the narrow isolation of man's spiritual nature did harm to spirituality. We may be quite as certain that the narrow isolation of his æsthetic sense will do harm to art.

G. K. Chesterton.

TWO HISTORIES OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

It is difficult to see what purpose can be subserved by the issue of such a work as the "History of English Literature" by Mr. E. J. Mathew. Apart from accuracy, some such qualities as these are essential in a work of this description: first, very careful arrangement; secondly, power of condensation; thirdly, lucidity of style. All these qualities are absent from the work before us. From the explanations given in notes it might be supposed that the work was addressed to the middle forms of public schools, but many expressions employed in the text are ill-adapted to this class of student. The writer appears to have some gift of expounding the qualities of a given book, and when he has an opportunity of describing an author or his work at fair length, his interest in the subject is often communicated to the reader in a sufficiently fresh and natural manner. What is so completely lacking, and renders the title such a thorough misnomer, is any evidence of editorial capacity or sense of proportion. The idyllic picture of Milton's declining years is not a little misleading. It was not so much Queen Mary as Queen Anne who "steadfastly" opposed Swift's advancement in the Church. The dogmatic assumption of Swift's marriage is, to say the least, gratuitous, and the same may be said of

VIEW FROM UNDERSHAW, HINDHEAD, ACROSS DR. CONAN DOYLE'S RIFLE RANGE.

the remark, "The *Conduct of the Allies* brought about the Peace of Utrecht," or a misquotation from Goldsmith's "The Retaliation" (*sic*). Such errors might be found probably upon

* "A History of English Literature." By E. J. Mathew. (Macmillan.)
"A History of English Literature." By A. Hamilton Thompson. 6s. (John Murray.)

every page, and, as the book advances, not only does the writer's judgment more and more desert him, but his English gives out, and he seems unable to construct the most ordinary sentence with propriety. The remarks about George Eliot and the "artificiality" of "Adam Bede" lead up to the following climax: "In 1878 she married a Mr. Cross, and in 1880 she died. The criticism of the present day does not give her a place higher than in the second division of writers. Her notoriety existed for a few years from 1871, and since then has greatly diminished." More grotesque than this is the remark that Frederick Locker described the tender life and private happiness of Government officials, or the addition that "in both kinds of this study he far surpassed the novels of Lord Beaconsfield." The dictum that "Elizabeth Moulton Barrett, wife of Robert Browning, was as a poetess her husband's superior," reminds us of the emphasis with which Queen Victoria assured the poet that she had read and admired his wife's poetry. The critical faculty of the author must have been considerably fatigued when Trollope was described as "in easy grace near to Jane Austen." What is to be said of the following conclusions about Stevenson: "The grace and ease of Thackeray was wanting, and the frequent loose writing of Scott was often far pleasanter to read. The 'New Arabian Nights' was undoubtedly his best in style. Then he learnt his quaint English, and let it become his master; but with all his faults he was the last great novelist of the century"; or the wisdom of such sentences as these: "It is a dangerous thing to be wanting in a knowledge of Thackeray and Scott, in order to form a literary taste upon 'Gemini Cœlestes' or 'Satanæ Maestitiae'"? The section on Charles Dickens is an epitome of the faults in English composition most strenuously to be avoided. "Dickens's humour much resembled that of Sir Walter Scott, because both by its use aroused pleasure and merriment rather than anger and scorn."

A very different type of compilation is "A History of English Literature" (founded on the manual of Thomas B. Shaw), by A. Hamilton Thompson. The old students' manuals were an excellent series, and we are sorry to see their ancient uniform discarded; but the book has literally outgrown its old garments. Moreover, the new stuff is so good that we are inclined to regret that it was thought necessary to use so much of the old material. Shaw's manual was by no means the most brilliant of its fellows. The new students' "History of English Literature" is destined, if we are not mistaken, to take a high place among books of its class. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, to put a soul into an old and rather dry book of literary history; but all that diligence in revision and much laborious re-writing can do, has undoubtedly been done. If the book lacks the happy valiancy of Professor Saintsbury's style, it is, as far as we can judge, far more accurate than his Manual can justly claim to be. Professor Saintsbury generously acknowledges the help afforded him by recent writers, such as those in the "Dictionary of National Biography," for example, but he seems frequently to have forgotten to avail himself of their services. Just the opposite course seems to have been pursued here. The omission that we should most like to see rectified in a future edition is that of all reference to recent authorities. Room might well have been spared for some bibliographical information in place of the present appendices, one of them devoted to a highly conjectural order of Shakespeare's plays in which "Romeo and Juliet" is assigned to 1591! As a whole, though, it must be admitted that the book is capitally shaped. The amplitude of space allotted to the 19th century and the abbreviated treatment of the archaic elements of our literature give the book an exceptional interest (to the general reader and critic, if not to the examinee), and the full extent of the innovation will be realised when we explain that the first half of the book ends, not with Milton, but with Swift. Full advantage is taken of this displacement of the centre of gravity, for it is in his appreciations of our more recent writers that Mr. Thompson seems most fully at home. In Chapter II. the statement that Gower's "Speculum Meditantis" is entirely lost will need considerable modification in view of the fact that it has been quite recently edited by Professor G. C. Macaulay, and throws a flood of light upon portions of Gower's career. The description of Greene's "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay" as dull and incoherent, is extremely unjust. It is not advisable to speak of the "feeble comic interludes" in Massinger's plays, nor can we fathom the writer's exquisite meaning when he observes that "it is not, perhaps, very high praise to say that, as a master of English prose, Samuel Horsley had few equals in his own day." We should like him to mention a period in which more masters of English prose could be assembled than during the last thirty years of the 18th century. The relegation of authors to the limbo of "Notes and Illustrations" is often conducted in a somewhat arbitrary fashion. We shall find Borrow squeezed in between Sir John Barrow and George Brimley, and places are found for the editor of the "Student's Hume," and Charles Allston Collins, which are apparently denied to Blackmore and T. E. Brown. Baroness Tautphœus, Amy Levy, Fawcett, and the author of "Monasteries of the Levant" are ignored, though a column is devoted to Faber, Roden Noel, and Henry S. Leigh. The treatment of Malthus and Mackintosh seems specially perfunctory. The latter did not write "Vindiciae Galliciae."

But we must not leave the book without giving an idea of its excellence. The method which is followed is for the most part strictly biographical, and a succession of likenesses has to be attempted, each in a very few strokes. Few of these are failures, and many attain a high degree of success. Excellent, for instance, are George Eliot, Dickens (though he misdescribes "David Copperfield"), Newman, Stevenson, and Carlyle, especially the account of "Frederick the Great." Cramped though the writer is for space, he manages to devote a whole page to Gladstone, yet he is bound to admit that in a few years his books will scarcely continue to be read. He is not so successful in his attempt to do justice to Disraeli, and does not seem to appreciate "Sybil" at anything like its true value.

THOMAS SECCOMBE.

MISS JOHNSTON'S NEW NOVEL.*

For her new romance Miss Johnston goes again to Virginia —this time to the Virginia of the days of George I.—and "Audrey" is in every way a worthy successor of the two other brilliant novels she has already given us. Here is the same strong characterisation, the imaginative insight, and descriptive force that gave vitality and colour to "By Order of the Company": the places and people of the story —Gideon Darden, the drunken parson, and his wife; Maclean, the exiled Scot, solacing himself by hunting down in fancy the master he has never seen and who looms on his warped imagination as an enemy, and is reluctantly allowed, on acquaintance, to become a very real friend; Truelove Taberer, the shy, kind little Quakeress, the quaint wooing of whom by Maclean is as ideal as it is whimsical; Hugon, the violent half-breed with his passion for Audrey, who fears him and is shaken at sight of him by vague, dreadful memories of her childhood—they develop and grow up about the reader almost with the vividness and actuality of life itself. Drawn with equal knowledge and sympathy are Marmaduke Haward, and Evelyn Byrd, the woman who loves him but rejects him (though he likes her and would have her marry him) because his liking is not love. But Audrey is, as she should be, the soul and centre of the book, and the

MISS MARY JOHNSTON.

* "Audrey." By Mary Johnston. 6s. (Constable.)

sweetest and most winsome woman that lives in its pages. Grown to womanhood, under the care of Darden, beautiful, neglected, and as innocent still as a very child, she cherishes an impossible ideal of the man who had found her, a very small girl, overlooked and left behind after the massacre of her people by the Indians, and had generously settled an income on Darden for her maintenance; the return of that benefactor from England, at last, is the realisation of her dreamings for awhile; and the shattering of her high ideal is a tragedy only less piteous than the final tragedy that so soon follows her reconciliation to the winning, human reality. The whole story is a beautiful and poetic conception, touched with lights and shadows of a quiet, dry humour, and restrained emotional intensity; in a word, it is a powerful, rememberable piece of work for which one has nothing but admiration and praise. A. St. John Adcock.

CHATEAUBRIAND.*

Mr. de Mattos—a name I do not remember to have met before on a title-page—has seen a rare chance, and has taken it boldly. Few Englishmen who read French for amusement now turn to Chateaubriand. If such idlers were to be examined, how little they could tell about "Le Génie du Christianisme," "Les Martyrs," "Les Abencerrages," and those other volumes, once familiar in every circle where French was spoken? And these "Memoirs from Beyond the Tomb"? They are certainly unploughed land, inviolate as some Greek temple-enclosure—or, to put the matter more temptingly, if half a dozen books overflowing with incidents, reflections, descriptions of persons and landscapes; picturesque, irritating, curious, and brilliant; equal to these, were flung upon the circulating libraries, someone would make his fortune. Let us hope it will be Mr. de Mattos.

Readers must agree to the rules of the game; then they will enjoy it. They are to fancy a French Byron writing his own life before a looking-glass, putting on and off the costumes that he affects—now chivalrous Middle Age, now democratic and almost sans-culottish—with a sigh which is half theatrical yet sincere and even catching. We all know (do we know at first hand?) that Byron's journals and correspondence are among the jewels of English literature. Chateaubriand's "Memoirs" hold a similar place in France. There was no need for Mr. de Mattos to repeat the fatigued but insolent saying of M. Pierre Louys, uttered in a Parisian café, "The 'Memoirs' will live for ever." They will, and "Atala," "René," many pages in the "Génie," will live as long. M. Louys is but a literary Byzantine, for all his contempt of the great ancients. Flaubert, who was a critic unsurpassed where language and style came up for discussion, taught the latter half of the nineteenth century that Chateaubriand excelled all other artists of French prose. The vain creature thought so himself and has affirmed it here, not once only; but what difference can that make, if it is true? "Then," cries the Saxon bluntness, "what is the use of translating Chateaubriand? Can you translate his style?" A nice question, the answer to which, if scientifically expounded, would do us more good than a course of literature.

No, style is strictly incommunicable. Those who would feel the magic of this Breton, this Celtic master, will be compelled to pluck the secret from his French. And yet something may be caught by one so excellently versed as Mr. de Mattos in both languages. I would say that his rendering is in many ways so fit, a very little more would make it perfect. Fewer particles, a slight but all-important condensing of the native phrase—there is probably the rule of perfection. Let me quote a penetrating remark of M. Maeterlinck, which applies at all times in dealing with French. "Our language," he says, when introducing to it Novalis, the mystic, "is a minute and severe interpreter, which before it will consent to express anything demands explanations that it is often dangerous to give." In other words, French prefers logic to poetry. The wonder in our delightful Bretons—Chateaubriand, Lamennais, Renan—is that they have laid a spell upon it, and, as if in trance, it murmurs of the sea, the woodlands, the old kingdom of Faëry; it is transformed to Merlin and sleeps enchanted in the Forest of Broceliande. Nevertheless, logic in grammar and construction it will not forego. English moves along a path less even. Chateaubriand read and spoke our island-tongue for years; it has left its mark on him, and he envied Milton, as well he might.

But there is no end to one's reflections on this incomparable prose-poet. Rhetorician, as Mr. Arnold thought was the judgment of Englishmen about him; megalomaniac, to such a degree that when he contemplates himself and his doings he falls into ecstasy; charlatan, no doubt, and unconsciously hard because self-centred; he is not likeable, but he stands alone. It is rather a shame to fix on this creator of "Childe Harold" the epithet Byronic. Byron was pupil, not master, and in the first of these volumes we may study "Lara"; in the second we follow a pilgrimage that traversed the Mediterranean and did homage to the Isles of Greece years before Byron carved his name on the marble column where one can read it still in the temple at Sunium. If plagiarism, it must be charged on the canny Scot; but stealing in this fashion is god-like—would there were more of it!

One was nearly forgetting to say that Chateaubriand met and knew everybody, from Washington to Metternich, from Burke and Mirabeau (what a conjunction!) to Nelson and Bolivar; he sketches them all to the life. Whoever wishes for an easy acquaintance with French men of letters under Napoleon, may begin it here. The translator's notes, brief and frequent, make a small dictionary of famous names in which one or two slips are pardonable. I may observe that Fénelon never set out for Greece; he only talked of it. The first volume, with its gloomy pictures of Saint Malo, its Château de Combourg, and its old Brittany, is most admirable, thrilling in no conventional sense. Equal but unlike is the story of Brunswick's futile campaign in 1792, told with inexhaustible spirit. Other episodes—the wanderings in America, the execution of the Duc d'Enghien—carry us to quite different but not less fascinating scenes. And four volumes are yet to come. Finally, observe the illustrations, of which one, showing us George III., blind and insane, seated in his easy chair and looking on vacancy, haunts the imagination when we turn from it, and would not be out of place in "King Lear." William Barry.

* "The Memoirs of François René, Vicomte de Chateaubriand," etc. Translated by Alexander Texeira de Mattos. In 6 volumes. Vols. I. and II. Complete Work, £4 10s. net. (London: Freemantle and Co. 1902.)

CAVALIER AND PURITAN IN THE DAYS OF THE STUARTS.*

Lady Newdigate-Newdegate's book can be regarded from three standpoints: that of the historian of great events and great men; that of the historian of social life; and lastly, from that of the psychologist. To the first her book is likely to be of no great interest. She produces, it is true, a new letter of Cromwell's, the date of which (April 1, 1631) is earlier than all but the earliest in Carlyle's collection. It shows that Cromwell had in those days an involved style of writing—a fact militating against the view that the confusion of thought and expression in some of the later letters and in his speeches was the result of conscious artifice, intended to muddle his correspondents and audiences. Secondly, it proves that Cromwell was then an ardent sportsman, no less fond of hawking (and we may assume other field sports) than the most devoted adherent of Charles. Regarded as a piece of cumulative evidence, this document is distinctly important. The only other paper in the book to which a "bird's-eye" historian (if the expression may be allowed) would pay much attention is a letter from a Mr. John Scott, describing the manœuvres immediately preceding the battle off Beachy Head. Scott (who lived in the Isle of Wight) himself saw the movements of the Anglo-Dutch and French fleets, and has recorded his observations on the wind and weather. The letter gives a graphic picture of 17th century naval warfare, but it does not throw any new light on the conduct—or misconduct—of Herbert. Scott, indeed, talks in a subsequent letter of the Dutch ships "having been shamefully deserted by ours"; but since he did not himself see the fighting, he is only a channel for public opinion, which was notoriously unfair to Herbert. William III., the leader of that opinion, could not, perhaps, be ex-

* "Cavalier and Puritan in the Days of the Stuarts." Compiled from the private papers and diary of Sir Richard Newdigate, with extracts from MS. news-letters. By Lady Newdigate-Newdegate. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

pected to view Herbert's action favourably. To preserve an English fleet, whilst losing a Dutch one, would hardly commend itself to a sovereign whose permanent base of operations was in Holland. Moreover, as is well illustrated by Scott's letter, a mere "fleet in being" was not then in any sense the protection that it is to-day. With ships dependent entirely on the wind, and with slow means of communication between France and England, the passage of the Channel might, without difficulty, have been completely surprised, in which event Louis XIV. would have found plenty of English supporters—a consideration that entirely differentiates his position from that of Napoleon in 1804-5. What William must have required was the complete destruction of the French fleet or the preservation of the Dutch one. Herbert, in fact (though, as the court-martial decided, through no fault of his), failed to satisfy either requirement, and, if Scott is correct, was within an ace of losing the English fleet before it was reinforced by the Dutch. "A sudden change of wind," in the opinion of Scott, alone prevented this disaster. Turning now to the standpoints of the antiquarian-historian and of the psychologist, one must congratulate Lady Newdigate-Newdegate on her skilful use of the material to hand and the sensible way in which she regards her newsletters. As a rule, the latter are, of course, much less reliable than the journals of to-day, because they were not subject to the fierce light which at present beats on the press, and, in most instances, prevents the appearance of flagrant misstatements. On the other hand, Sir Richard Newdigate's diary (especially the portion dealing with his short tour in France, which should be compared with Arthur Young's "Travels") is well worth perusal by others than the general reader. Sir Richard was not an Evelyn in intellect or a Pepys in candour. Nevertheless, his diary is a "human document," and it makes one better realise the life of a well-to-do nonentity in the age between Milton and Swift. Sir Richard's contempt for foreigners, his extravagance on buildings, his superstition, and his quarrels with his sons and daughters are set down with the coarseness, clumsiness, and directness that one would expect from an animal suddenly endowed with language. Listen to this amusing tirade against the French: "Their Superstition, "Nastiness, Supineness, Swearing, Sabbath-breaking (even "Acting Plays, Carting, Buying, and Selling on Sundays); "Exacting on Strangers; their hanging up the Dove which "they call *le Saint Esprit* and an Old Man whom they call "*le Providence* (God Almighty); their neglect of their High-"ways, but more of their Liberty and Property, shews the "Proverb to be true, That the French King is Asinorum "Rex." The man who wrote that deserves to be studied for himself. As hinted, he was a bit of a hypocrite. A last quotation: "June 15" (1680)—Sir Richard was then some thirty-six years old. "To eight o'clock slept. By four got "to London. Stayed ith' Three Cups till a lodging was got. "A roving eye. Removed to that lodging viz Mr. Cleaver's. " . . . Putting my things in order and sent out several "ways. June 16. To eight dressed. Forbore breakfast, "having much to do." How differently Mr. Pepys would have made such an entry! But, then, Pepys wrote in shorthand.

To conclude: whilst thanking the author for her entertaining book, which can be commended to everyone who gets pleasure from reading about the past, there are a few small criticisms to be made. Lady Newdigate-Newdegate does not always specify the date of the document from which she is quoting, a fault which, though it does not seriously impair the value of "Cavalier and Puritan," should be remedied in a second edition. She is also at times not explanatory enough. For example, in quoting the above mentioned letter of Scott, she ought, in justice to Herbert, to have said something more than that "he was ultimately tried by court-martial and acquitted, but was dismissed the service by King William," which suggests that William, in spite of the court-martial's finding, disgraced his admiral. As it happens, Herbert had been dismissed before the court-martial's finding, and, after his acquittal, did not again apply for service. He remained, however, on good terms with William, which would hardly have been the case if the King had believed that Herbert was substantially to blame for the defeat off Beachy Head. Again, if the case of Rosewell (not Rosswell), a Nonconformist condemned for high treason by Judge Jeffreys, was worth mentioning, it was worth mentioning in greater detail. "The sentence was so obviously unjust that it was not carried out (Hume)" is a very inadequate footnote. By the by, Hume and Smollett are now not usually quoted as authorities for historical events which did not come under their personal observation. Considering, however, the mass of fresh, amusing, and interesting information which Lady Newdigate-Newdegate has rendered easily accessible, it would be ungracious to lay stress on such minor points as these.

J. B. RYE.

THE ANCIENT CATHOLIC CHURCH.*

Principal Rainy tells us that in writing this history of the Ancient Catholic Church it has been his aim to combine the manifold detail which the student requires, with the points of view and the modes of treatment which make a book readable. It may at once be said that he has been eminently successful. He has not overburdened himself and his reader with a mass of names and dates, such as is sometimes judged necessary to a knowledge of the Church's evolution, but without wholly disregarding detail he has lifted into view the greater and determining factors in the history, and has invested them with interest and impressiveness. Neo-Platonism, Gnosticism, Montanism, Donatism, and the rest, are subjects sufficiently trite, and hitherto one handbook has been considered just as good as another; but in this volume we at last hear a fresh voice and find ourselves in the guidance of an independent, original, and profound mind. For over and above the ordinary virtues which we require in a historian, impartiality and detachment, learning and insight and power of presentation, we find in this volume a singular width of view that stretches and expands the mind, and such an account of the various movements in Church life and thought as enables the reader to understand their consecutive evolution, and to perceive their roots in human nature and the circumstances of the time. It is an eminently living and human development with which we are here brought into connection. And the interest is won and maintained not by any tricks of style, or startling novelties, or meretricious picturesqueness, but by the interest which the writer himself has found in coming into direct contact with the living men who made the history, and their eager efforts to reach the truest view of Christian facts, and make that view dominant in the world. All through the book we meet with the results of this direct contact with the sources. What, *e.g.*, could be better than this: "Athanasius possessed the eye for men and for affairs, and the purpose to make all his resources tell for the cause he served, which are the main elements of statesmanship;—in his case statesmanship sustained by faith, and therefore never owning or accepting defeat." Or this of Ambrose, on his sudden call to become head of the Church at Milan: "Once induced to accept the post, he instantly becomes a great churchman. The distinction of the Roman gentleman, the experience and the aptitudes of a governor, the dexterity and the courage of a man who has been throughout true to himself, lend themselves at once to the claims of the new position; and he is invested with a new greatness corresponding to the higher kingdom." Or this of one of the most impressive of the Fathers: "Tertullian is the most human of the Fathers, keen, witty, sarcastic, argumentative, morally intense, intellectually extreme, capable of love and wrath and scorn, and, in the midst of his strong assertions and high moral imperatives, a lowly man, conscious of his own sin and ashamed. His must have been a notable mass of Christian manhood; and the vitality of his writings is extraordinary." The great ecclesiastical movements and debates are described in terms as incisive and discriminating. In short, as this is certainly one of the most powerful books of the series to which it belongs, so it is likely to become one of the most popular, and those who read it will look with eagerness for the promised volume by the same author which will carry the history down to Gregory VII. Slight misprints occur on pp. 423, 426, 503, and on p. 47, in the first sentence, a misplaced comma entirely reverses the meaning of the sentence.

MARCUS DODS.

* "The Ancient Catholic Church from the Accession of Trajan to the Fourth General Council" (A.D. 98-451). By Robert Rainy, D.D., Principal of the New College, Edinburgh. 12s. (T. and T. Clark. International Theological Library.)

THE LIFE OF WAGNER.*

This second volume of the Glasenapp-Ellis Life of Wagner contains the record of his career from the time he was appointed Kapellmeister at Dresden to the time (1849) when he had to flee from Saxony to Switzerland for political reasons. That is, it falls considerably short of the contents of the original German second volume, which includes the story of the next four years. Mr. Ellis's additional expositions and supplemental notes account for the difference in the limits of the German and the English versions. The two expounders of Wagner have collaborated in perpetrating most of the sins to which biographers are liable. The result is not a biography, but an inchoate mass of material. The narrative is clumsy; the most trivial details are wearisomely insisted on; there is no sense of proportion exhibited anywhere; the writers are, so far as the structure of the book is concerned, the merest compilers. The prolix German of the original is translated quite impartially into pedantic English or the commonest colloquialisms. And there is one fault that goes beyond the form. Both writers are, when not dealing with Wagner's art theories, distinctly timid. The apologies and explanations for the part that the musician took in the Dresden rising are ludicrous. He was a very amateur politician, doubtless, but he had his hours of fervent political zeal, and not even words from his own mouth can efface the fact. And why should the fact be effaced or even minimised?

And now we have said all we have to say against an exasperating, but most interesting book. From the amateur, unworkmanlike biographers we get at least the fruit of zeal and devotion; and we are grateful. They give us everything from which to form our estimate of Wagner—keep nothing back. And the material is rich in interest. The period of this second volume is the period of "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," the time of his struggle at Dresden against the old gang, of the maturing of his revolutionary programme, and the conception of the "Ring"—a period of fulfilment and of promise. This volume, as well as any other, serves to show the Wagner which makes the wide appeal outside the bounds of the musical world, Wagner the Apostle, whose mission was the conversion—violent conversion—of the world to a sense of the artist's rôle. Wagner is the supreme type of the arrogant artist, who believes with all his heart and soul that his business, when creative, is the highest business, as likest unto God's, and who has no fear at all of maintaining this in the face of principalities, powers, and practical men. That the artist is no trifler, no maker of toys, no diverter of light moments, is his absolute belief. For answer to a world that treats him less seriously he has immeasurable scorn. This note, like a trumpet blast, rings all through these pages.

The industrious Mr. Ashton Ellis has omitted to make an interesting note on Wagner's project of a drama on the subject of "Jesus of Nazareth." The project was entertained by the composer, it appears, during a period of great mental dejection, when he was at war with his surroundings in Dresden, when he felt himself in a "sad and solitary situation as artist-man," and when, indeed, he wished to die. "My grief itself impelled me to translate it into some poem that should convey it in a fashion to be understood of present life. Just as with my 'Siegfried' the force of my yearning had borne me to the fount of the Eternal Human, so now, when I found that yearning altogether unappeasable in modern life, and could but recognise afresh that the sole redemption lay in flight from out this life, in casting off its claims on one by self-destruction, did I come to the fount of every modern rendering of such a situation—to *Jesus of Nazareth* the Man." Did Nietzsche know this phase, this passage—Nietzsche, who wrote both the case against Christianity and the "Case against Wagner"? A cynic might have handed it on to the critic who called Christianity the religion of the poor-spirited, with the additional note that as soon as Liszt proved himself a capable friend and dispersed the momentary gloom, the idea of this drama faded away, and Wagner was his own arrogant and perhaps not quite Christian self again. This cynic might not have read the incident as a whole, or quite accurately; but what a part it might have played in the case for Nietzsche! A. M.

* "Life of Richard Wagner." Being an Authorised English Version by Wm. Ashton Ellis, of C. F. Glasenapp's "Das Leben Richard Wagner's." Vol. 2. 16s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

PATER'S ESSAYS FROM "THE GUARDIAN."*

We cannot, with some, regret the re-publication of these essays. If they were in any respect derogatory to the character of the writer, their preservation should certainly be deprecated. But it is clear that Pater's own intimates do not so regard them, since a few years ago they welcomed their issue from a private press, and accepted copies for themselves. The essays might, of course, have expressed opinions which it would have been judicious to have confined to a limited circle, but their original appearance in the staid and orthodox *Guardian* is a sufficient proof that they cannot be freighted with combustibles. Their comparative slightness, which might have been a good reason for withholding them in the case of a writer of less artifice and elaboration, rather makes for their publication in Pater's case, as a proof that he was not always in full dress, and could, in case of need, accommodate himself to the requirements of a weekly newspaper. There seems, then, no reason against publication except that this may impair the value of the privately printed copies, which would have prohibited many other reprints of greater importance.

We cannot regard the appearance of the present reprint as a literary event of great moment. There is little novelty of view in any of the essays; but most of them deal with subjects allowing of considerable diversity of opinion, and it is interesting to learn which side of a question enlisted Pater's support. His mind and Amiel's, for instance, had enough in common to render it an appreciable aid to the study of the latter to know what Pater thought of him. Both in this essay and in the review of "Robert Elsmere" the instinctive preference of picturesqueness to verity is always noticeable. Opinions and habits of mind are advocated without reference to their absolute veracity, which is admitted to be uncertain, but to their beauty, or their comfortableness, or their associations. This is but the hedonism of Mr. Pater's early writings in clerical garb: *cucullus non facit monachum.* The review of Mr. Gosse's poems is distinguished by its grace; and if the essay on Wordsworth, partly reprinted in the author's "Appreciations," adds little to what others have said, it is at all events a beautiful piece of writing. On the whole, the volume leaves the impression that Pater, while not less of an intellectual epicure than we had deemed him, was less fastidious, and better adapted for the ordinary work of the world. Richard Garnett.

MR. CRAIG'S "KING LEAR."†

This admirable edition of "King Lear" is the outcome of wide and accurate scholarship united to a sound judgment, such as is not always found in commentators on Shakespeare. Mr. Craig has carried out the laborious task of collating the first Quarto with the second, and both of these with the first Folio. He is wisely conservative of the original text, and ventures on no emendation more important than the insertion of the word "for" in a line where the sense seems to invite it. His Introduction traces more fully and accurately the sources of the play and Shakespeare's obligations to his predecessors than that of any preceding editor; without wearying the reader Mr. Craig has, in fact, almost exhausted this field of study. His knowledge of the Elizabethan vocabulary is extraordinary, and the aptest examples of the use of unusual or obsolete words are cited, always with an exact reference to volume and page, from writers eminent and writers obscure. He does not perplex the student with all the untenable suggestions of commentators less well instructed, but in general is content to give the explanation which he holds to be right. "One sometimes sees it mentioned by writers of the present day," writes Mr. Craig, "that Shakespeare is a writer perfectly clear and easy to

* "Essays from 'The Guardian.'" By Walter Pater. 8s. 6d. net. (Macmillan and Co.)

† "The Works of Shakespeare." The Tragedy of King Lear. Edited by W. J. Craig. 3s. 6d. (London: Methuen and Co. 1901.)

understand, that he who runs may read him. To me such statements seem to be the very reverse of the truth." The play of "King Lear" in truth abounds in difficulties and obscurities, some of which remain, after commentatorship has done its utmost work, inexplicable. What, for example, is the meaning of "Good porter, turn the key, All cruels else subscribed" (III., vii., 67, 68)? We fear that Mr. Furness is right, when he speaks of the last four words as a phrase more puzzling even than "runaways' eyes" or the "dram of eale." E. DOWDEN.

Novel Notes.

LAZARRE. By Mary Hartwell Catherwood. 6s. (Grant Richards.)

The hapless dauphin, who was officially said to have perished in prison during the French Revolution, but according to tradition was rescued and carried overseas, is a figure of such romantic potentialities that it would have been strange indeed had the novelists neglected him. He makes a pitifully grotesque appearance in Mr. Meredith's "Harry Richmond" as a foolish old braggart, living out his latest days meanly in England, but in Mrs. Catherwood's hands he develops into a fascinating, ideal hero of romance. We see him in the prelude, a childish exile, imbecile from the horrors and agonies he has endured, championed against the jeers of certain mischievous English urchins by his little compatriot, Mademoiselle Eagle de Ferrier. Taken away to Canada, he grows to manhood, still in some mental darkness, as the adopted son of an Indian chief, who receives a mysterious annuity for the boy's maintenance. His awakening from his long forgetfulness to a suspicion, and then to a knowledge of his identity is very beautifully contrived. He dreams for a while of taking his rightful place in the world, and journeys to Paris, and obtains access to Napoleon's court. But he is surrounded by perils, as well from the usurper's spies as from the emissaries of rival pretenders, and through many thrilling

MRS. CATHERWOOD.
From photo by Harrison, Chicago.

escapes and much disillusion, returns to Canada, and abandoning the desire to regain his kingdom, wins the heart that was loyally denied to him so long as there was a probability of his wearing a crown. The plot is a little too dependent on coincidence. And the temporary imbecility of Lazarre, and the permanent imbecility of his rival, the spurious dauphin, being necessary, it might have been better to have managed without the witless Johnny Appleseed, and to have avoided the temporary and unessential imbecility of Eagle de Ferrier towards the close. With these qualifications, we can congratulate Mrs. Catherwood on a strong and absorbing romance. The illustrations of M. André Castaigne are excellent.

MR. HORROCKS: PURSER. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne. 6s. (Methuen.)

Half this volume is occupied with experiences at sea—experiences occasioned more by passengers than by the elements—which Mr. Horrocks, purser, met with, underwent, or took part in. A purser being required to be responsible both for the specie-room and the tempers and comforts of the passengers, the dangers and harassments of Mr. Horrocks' position may, perhaps, be faintly imagined. Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne does better—he describes them, and does it racily and well. We do not believe much in the purser's land-hobby, the orphanage in the Cheshire village, but we believe in his trials and his ability for dealing with them. Moreover, much verisimilitude is gained by the fact that Mr. Horrocks does not meet on every occasion with the full reward of merit. All the stories in the volume are sea-stories, either of the sea or of sea-faring persons; and one of the very best is concerned with our old friend Captain Kettle, who personally conducts a duel he happens to intrude upon. As a provider of unalloyed entertainment, smart and without traces of effort, Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne can hold his own. Mr. Horrocks snaps refreshingly, and manages the passengers and the press with tact and triumph.

THROUGH THE MISTS. By Robert James Lees. 6s. (John Long.)

These are supposed to be the autobiographical records of a soul in Paradise, taken down by Mr. Lees. If these records were truth, if a soul could come back and sit by Mr. Lees' table and tell of life after death—straight, unpolished words would suffice; but if this kind of fiction is to be presented to us, it must be done excellently. Mr. Lees gives here his own opinions and ideas, some beautiful conceptions of a Paradise, and some trenchant words on our earthly methods; but it is all rather commonplace, inappropriate, and unconvincing. In places the book reminds one of the "Q's" and "A's" in "A Child's Guide To Knowledge." The Soul asks and asks and asks, and his guide says, "Precisely so," and "Let me explain," and much information follows in didactic style. The roads of this Paradise are each of a distinctive colour (terribly suggestive of the railway-map, to the prosaic mind), the robe of the Soul corresponds to the path he has to take; the messengers or teachers wear "a combination of pink with electric blue"—electric blue! in Paradise!—of course, it is possible. A book of this kind needs "atmosphere," inspiration, an exaltation which is lacking here. Mr. Lees can do better.

THE LABYRINTH. By R. Murray Gilchrist. 5s. (Richards.)

Adjectives fail us in an attempt to give readers any adequate idea of the sublimity of this romance. Once we read a tale called "Frangipani," and thought we had reached the pinnacle of magnificence in fiction; but we were wrong. Mr. Murray Gilchrist is recklessly prodigal in the material he uses for his book. Nothing is too expensive, and only expensive things are admitted. Among his folk, the heroine, Judith Swarthmoor, is by no means unique in her great attributes, and thus is she introduced: "He found her endowed with a strange gift of intuition. Although her learning was far removed from pedantry, she could throw fresh light on many subjects which he had long since deemed threadbare. She loved to revel in dreams magnificently coloured; she saw herself as Hebe—filling the veins of gods with living wine. Semele's part was not for her; the embrace of Jove could not have annihilated." The villain, in his own way, is quite as tremendous. Having driven his bride to death, he writes to his friend: "I shall not keep my widowerhood—not I! But I shall court another woman. I'll take her by the throat—by the hair—I'll force her to marry." But, oh, how weak are our quotations as samples of this gorgeous book, where the men and women are all compact of sublime beauty or genius, or are unearthly

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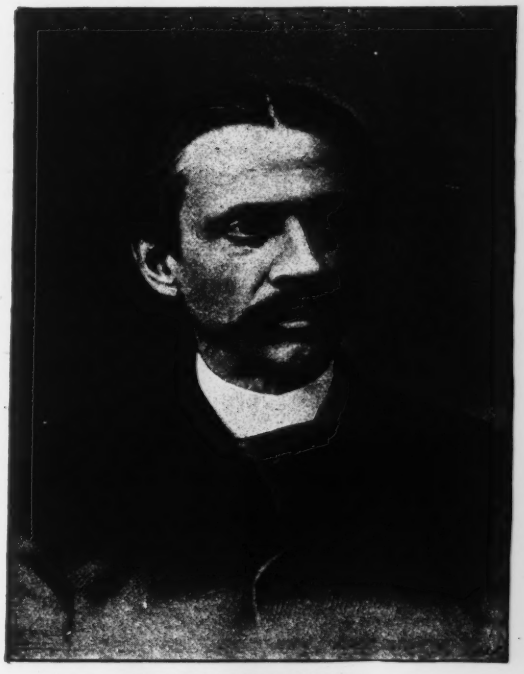
monsters, where no one condescends to common sense, where architecture and apparel and manners are all on the profusest scale, where a studious priest may not read in a book, save one studded with precious stones or that had belonged to a French queen, where to gain admittance among the fine company a society lady, turned strolling player for an adventure, has to be "more beautiful and more gifted than Siddons"! Even to enumerate the strange incidents and personages of the story were impossible. Mr. Gilchrist is so boundlessly extravagant that it seems to us a little thing when he throws in a leper for no reason at all, save perhaps to confuse us a little more with an Oriental streak in his eighteenth century Derbyshire medley, a curious wild medley of fine language, murders, mysteries, and god-like virtues, into which, by some strange freak, Mrs. Thrale and Miss Seward have strayed. But in despite of these two personages on an earthly level, Mr. Gilchrist has achieved a veritable triumph, in that he has written three hundred and sixty pages concerning human life and fate through which hardly one single breath of nature blows.

THE GREAT GOD SUCCESS. By John Graham. 4s. (Heinemann.)

We confess we began this story with some misgivings lest it should be another bitter plaint of one who had missed the prizes of the world and now railed at the more fortunate. Such plaints have often much justice in them, but are none the less regrettable, since they attack the great god Success in an ineffectual fashion. To flout the deity by showing in a cheerful spirit all that was gained by his neglect is not only more wholesome but more efficacious. But ere we had read fifty pages we had to apologise to Mr. Graham for our doubts, and at the end we acknowledged that in a most vigorous and original manner he has hurled defiance at the god. The story is that of a young American journalist, who begins in a humble position in New York, and arrives at the top of the tree, by dint of undoubted talent, a rare fund of nervous energy, and steady industry. A careless reader will certainly be beguiled into thinking he is reading the story of a strong man, and into admiration for that wonderful machine, the modern press, as it is seen in all its perfection of complexity in New York. Mr. Graham has described it with wonderful exactness, with even wonderful fairness. He has reached his climax, has proved his thesis, by a slow, subtle method, which we do not hesitate to describe as masterly. Howard wins the prizes all along the line, and among them is his wife, the beautiful and cultivated Marian, whose portrait is drawn in the finest of lines. And it is all dust and ashes—though few guess it, and he would cling to all he has gained. For Mr. Graham has clearly proved that energy and concentration and industry and brains do not make a strong man. Howard was essentially weak. He did not dare to be unsuccessful. On the second page, very unobtrusively, the key to his character is given; but to most of us the careful, detailed, moderate record and interpretation of his career in these pages are not superfluous. We congratulate Mr. Graham on an unusually vigorous and dignified study of modern life and character.

KATE BONNET. By Frank Stockton. 6s. (Cassell.)

Surely there is not in all fiction such another pirate as Major Bonnet. At the outset, in the beginning of the eighteenth century, he has ended his military career and is a plodding farmer in Barbadoes. Unsuccessful at farming, and wearied of his shrewish second wife, he has yearnings for the unfettered, roving, pillaging life of a pirate. He quietly fits out a ship and gets a rascally crew together, and at length sets sail. But by inadvertence he has aboard with him his faithful old servant, a strictly religious Scot, Ben Greenaway, and through a series of mishaps, his daughter, whom he had intended to take away with him, is *not* on board. Ben remains throughout the death's head at his feast, croaking of the retribution that must overtake him, and constantly seeking to convert him to honesty again. He makes a bad beginning and is embarrassed at capturing a ship officered by an old friend and brother churchwarden of his; but he soon gets over these early qualms and, in spite of Ben's disbelief in his capacity for villainy, develops into an out-and-out pirate. Mr. Stockton has created no more bewitching heroine than sweet Kate Bonnet, who goes in pursuit of her father hoping to reclaim him. The romance of Kate and her two lovers, her adventures at sea, and those of her doughty champion, Dickory, with, of course, those of Major Bonnet



MR. FRANK R. STOCKTON.

himself, all make most delectable reading. Mr. Stockton may have given us stories that have been more humorous, but he has given us none that has been more characteristically whimsical or fuller of interest.

The Bookman's Table.

WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY. Editors-in-Chief, Noah Porter, D.D., LL.D., and W. T. Harris, Ph.D., LL.D. 40s. net. (Bell and Sons.)

It will be generally acknowledged that the last ten years have been very full of new words. Scientific advance, discoveries and inventions, greater familiarity with other countries, have all contributed to the growth of the English language. Therefore, it is with sincere satisfaction that we welcome this new, revised and enlarged edition of Webster's Dictionary; with its full and accurate vocabulary, its numberless aids to language-learning and pronunciation, its wealth of information, biographical and philological, and its twenty-five thousand word Supplement. In the full sense of the word it is international; and as regards the actual definitions of words, when we say that the traditions of the original Webster have been strictly and intelligently adhered to, we tacitly affirm that they are worthy of the highest praise. Of editors who have laboured to produce this dignified leather volume, there are at least seventy, each a specialist in his own subject; and while giving the high appreciation to the lucid and accurate definitions, we must, at the same time, pay a genuine tribute of praise to the laborious and important task of selection. The volume is truly a monumental piece of work; compact, reliable, well-bound, in a form which will commend it to the most fastidious book-lover, and an educator in itself.

THE ROAD MENDER. By Michael Fairless. 2s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

There are some books familiar to the eye in slack covers, rather worn at the edges, with a trick of opening at the best places; they do not long retain the freshness of the bookseller's shop—indeed, a new copy surprises a little unpleasantly by reason of its strangeness. Of such books is "The Road Mender." Ruskin would have delighted in this volume of

brave acknowledgments and wise conclusions, this chronicle of handiwork by "the winding white road" to "serve the footsteps of my fellows"; and we, reading it, may be proud of the kinship of taste, for we delight in it, too, and may count ourselves for the moment as on something of a plane with Ruskin, perhaps an inclined plane, but appreciation may surely exalt to a certain level. "I have attained my ideal," the first chapter begins. "I am a road-mender." And the value of the fact is pressed home in all the pages; in the outpourings and observations of a free spirit living close to Nature. "'Seen better days?'" enquires a fellow-worker, on his way to his job—a man who hates his work as our road-mender loves it. "'Never,' I said emphatically." Then follow thoughts, and the conviction that "stone-breaking should be allotted to minor poets or vagrant children of nature like myself." Of the men and beasts who pass upon the road, of the stories of life, and the beauties, the small book is full. Later come other chapters; "Out of the Shadow," telling of the enforced end of the road-mending, and of men and things seen from a town window, heard from a town room, but still fresh with the healthy thought of the same courageous nature. In "At the White Gate," a return is made to the country—not to the active work of road-mending, but of passive waiting, recalling, and gently thinking. The scheme of the book is simple; but there are deep thoughts in it, and attractive new lights thrown on old truths. For the rest, few could have told of the joys of road-mending, the meanings in the shadows, and the rest at the White Gate, more tenderly and impressively than Mr. Fairless; by reason of which our volume already falls open readily at favourite pages. The saddest thought that assails the reader now lies in the knowledge that the writer—brave, as his work had already convinced—died, full of youth and promise, before his last paper appeared in print.

EARLY CHRISTIANITY AND PAGANISM, TO THE PEACE OF THE CHURCH IN THE FOURTH CENTURY. By Donald M. Spence, D.D., Dean of Gloucester. 18s. net. (Cassell and Co., Ltd.)

The idea which Dean Spence carries out in this volume is a good one. It is to give an account of the life of the Church or of the Christians in so far as they were confronted by Paganism and related to a Pagan Empire. This state of things may be said to have been terminated when, under Constantine, the Imperial throne was Christianised. In 313 A.D. Christianity was declared a lawful religion, although not till the end of the fourth century was paganism made illegal. Perhaps it was to the advantage of Christianity that for so long a period it was the object of persecution, and that its adherents were liable to become the objects of the mob's unreasoning fury, or of an emperor's caprice or mistaken prudence. The period of struggle by which any society asserts its right of existence and obstinately refuses to be extinguished is always interesting, and few histories, if any, contain more inspiring instances than this of heroism, of devotion to a cause, of sacrifice, and of hope. It is largely with the records of martyrdom Dean Spence takes to do; and additional interest is lent to his volume by his dependence upon and citation of the original, contemporary records. The advantage of this method is conspicuous in the chapters on the revival of paganism and the catacombs. The photographs are excellently reproduced, and many have never before been published.

A. W. KINGLAKE. A Biographical and Literary Study. By the Rev. W. Tuckwell. 4s. 6d. net. (George Bell and Sons.)

This little book purports to be an attempt to rescue the personality of the brilliant author of "Eothen" from oblivion. In point of fact it is for the greater part a critical synopsis of Kinglake's literary labours, and one misses the glimpse into the inner life of the man of letters which forms the chief attraction in biographies of this nature. It would, however, be unfair to blame Mr. Tuckwell for this omission, for the bulk of Kinglake's private correspondence, from which alone the arcana of his life could have been extracted, was at his death destroyed by his special request. Kinglake—apart from his great literary gifts—does not appear to have been a very attractive personality. His cynicism was at times almost revolting, and his outlook on public affairs was narrow and coloured by his prejudices. The same fastidiousness and excessive polish which constitute the chief, if not the only, blemishes in his writings, are also to the fore in his public life, and were in all probability the causes which led to his failure as a politician. In the circle of his family and among his friends he may have been different, but it is precisely this side of his character which is screened from us. Mr. Tuckwell has nevertheless compiled a biography which is characterised by much of the Attic salt which he so modestly disclaims, as well as by Roman brevity, and has done the best possible with the somewhat scanty materials at his command. The result is a dainty little volume which will commend itself to all admirers of Kinglake's genius.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF VENICE. By F. C. Hodgson, M.A., Fellow of King's College. 7s. 6d. (George Allen.)

The need for a handy and compact volume on the early history of Venice at a reasonable price has long been felt. There are few who have the time or the patience to struggle through the many learned and ponderous tomes which Continental scholars have written on this subject—most of which are on such a portentous scale as to suggest the labours of a Methuselah. Mr. Hodgson has written a very attractive narrative in which he treats a fascinating subject in a most craftsmanlike manner. The less ambitious student will find all he wishes to know in these pages, and the footnotes will be found to furnish valuable and useful hints to those who are desirous of pursuing the subject further.

COUPON.

YOUNG AUTHORS' PAGE.

APRIL, 1902.

The New Books of the Month.

February 15th to March 15th, 1902.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Alexander, W. Menzies.—Demonic Possession in the New Testament, 5/- ..... *T. & T. Clark*
[Traces origins, and draws parallels, and treats of demonic possession historically, theologically, and medically. A genuine piece of research.]

Askwith, E. H., B.D.—An Introduction to the Thessalonian Epistles, 4/- net ..... *Macmillan*

Benson, Edward White, Late Archbishop of Canterbury.—Addresses on the Acts of the Apostles, 21/- net ... *Macmillan*

Black, Rev. James, M.A., A.T.S.—Building in Silence, 2/- *A. H. Stockwell*
[The silent building of Solomon's Temple is used by Mr. Black to illustrate the need and the force of work perfected quietly in the mind, silently resolved, before being brought to action.]

Buchan, Rev. John.—The First Things, 5/- ..... *Blackwood*

Century Bible, The. Hebrews. Edited by A. S. Peake, M.A. *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
[A good commentary. The author leans to Harnack's view of the authorship.]

Chesterton, W. Ridley.—Talks with Young Christians, 1/ net *A. H. Stockwell*
[A small book, written with an earnest desire to help the young; its counsel is wise, and its lessons are simply set forth.]

Finney, Rev. Charles G.—Sermons on Gospel Themes, 3/6 net *Robinson, Manchester*
[Twenty-four sermons, full of spiritual power, courage, and suggestion.]

Gilbert, George Holley, Ph.D., D.D.—A Primer of the Christian Religion, 4/6 net ..... *Macmillan*
[Deals with the facts of Christ's life, by question and answer, in simple, everyday language. Well adapted for use in schools and families.]

Noble, Rev. Frederick A., D.D.—Discourses on Philippians, 3/6 net ..... *Robinson, Manchester*
[A many-sided book of teachings on, and lessons drawn from, St. Paul's Epistle. The author appreciates the richness of the material with which he deals, and writes in an illuminating manner.]

Pearce, Rev. Joseph.—The Alabaster Box, and Other Addresses, 2/6 net ..... *A. H. Stockwell*
[Nearly a dozen Addresses, enforcing the teaching of the gospel, in strong, bracing language.]

WENDT, DR. HANS HINRICH.—The Gospel According to St. John. Translated by Edward Lummis, M.A. 7/6 *T. & T. Clark*
[An enquiry into the source and historical value of the Fourth Gospel.]

WESTCOTT, BROOKE FOSS, D.D., D.C.L., sometime Bishop of Durham.—Words of Faith and Hope, 4/6 ..... *Macmillan*
[A collection of sermons and addresses, including the bishop's last public words, addressed to the miners in Durham Cathedral. They are marked, as was all his teaching, by courageous optimism.]

NEW EDITIONS.

KIRKPATRICK, A. F., D.D.—The Book of Psalms. With Introduction and Notes. 6/- net ..... *Camb. Univ. Press*

WILLIAMS, REV. T. RHONDDA.—Shall We Understand the Bible? 1/- net ..... *A. & C. Black*

FICTION.

BALFOUR, ANDREW.—Cashiered, and Other War Tales, 6/- *Nisbet*

BELL, L.—The Expatriates, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*
[Over four hundred close pages, filled for the most part with slander of French society, a fact that is somewhat discounted by the patent folly and vulgarity of the Americans who judge the Parisians and suffer from them.]

BENSON, E. F.—Scarlet and Hyssop, 6/- ..... *Heinemann*

BLAIR, TORIN.—Epaulettes, 1/ ..... *Bousfield & Co.*
[A brightly written little volume descriptive of "Service" types; very true to life, with a slight story blended to reveal the several characters clearly. A readable collection.]

CAPES, BERNARD.—Plots, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

CLEEVE, LUCAS.—Woman and Moses, 6/- ..... *Hurst & Blackett*

COLLINS, MABEL (MRS. COOK).—The Star Sapphire, 2/5 *Anthony Treherne*
[For serious domestic reasons Philip Tempest calls on Canon Winterby, the great temperance man, in the first chapter, and signs the pledge; after which this story moves forward on lines of very realisable discomfort. "The Star Sapphire" is a society novel with a "temperance" motive; the difficulties and needs of which are not glossed over.]

DANA, FRANCIS.—The Decoy, 6/- ..... *John Lane*

DENNY, CHARLES E.—The Romance of Upfield Manor, 6/- *Methuen*

DAVIDSON, LILLIAS CAMPBELL.—The Confessions of a Match-Making Mother, 2/- ..... *Fisher Unwin*
[When Mrs. Bracebridge was left a widow with eight unmarried daughters, her heart, quite naturally, "for one brief moment died within her." It might, quite naturally, have died for a moment which was not brief. But Mrs. Bracebridge possessed energy. With tact and skill, by action and effacement, by positive and negative measures she married those eight girls to the very right men, and concluded by marrying herself to a Governor in Australia, "the kindest and nicest of men." The book is amusing; the talent, we are given to understand, has not been inherited by the eight brides. A point which seems to be worth noting.]

DE COULEVAIN, PIERRE.—Eve Triumphant. Translated by Alys Hallard, 6/- ..... *Hutchinson*

DODSWORTH, FRANCIS.—A True Sportsman, 1/- net ..... *Treherne*
[A sporting novel, in which an over-head-and-ears-in-debt son defies his father, and becomes a "professional backer," and—most unusual fate—proves successful. The story ends with a race, and "the King, with that tact which has always distinguished him, sent for Wright" [the hero], "and congratulated him on his win, saying that he was indeed 'A True Sportsman.'" *Ipse dixit!*]

DODSWORTH, FRANCIS.—Thoroughbred, 2/6 ..... *Anthony Treherne*
[A capital tale of a fine horse, possessor of the gifts of beauty, breeding, and even speech. From his birth to his death the narrative continues with love and sport to call out all the animal's traits.]

FITZGERALD, G. BERESFORD.—Dear Paul, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[There is delicacy of touch in some of Mr. FitzGerald's work. In "Dear Paul" he gives us fighting, crime, religion, and socialist troubles; but in addition to the generous measure of incident, he gives also some pretty pictures of women and scenery, love and luxury, and life in various conditions.]

FLETCHER, J. S.—Bonds of Steel, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*

GILCHRIST, R. MURRAY.—The Labyrinth, 6/- ..... *Grant Richards*

GORKY, MAXIM.—Twenty-Six Men and a Girl. Translated by Emily Jakowleff and Dora B. Montefiore. Introduction by Edward Garnett. 1/6 and 2/- net ..... *Duckworth*

GOWING, MRS. AYLMER.—As Cæsar's Wife, 6/- ..... *John Long*

GRAHAM, JOHN.—The Great God Success, 4/- ..... *Heinemann*

HOLMES, ELEANOR.—To-Day and To-Morrow, 6/- ... *Digby, Long*
[Affairs matrimonial occupy the major portion of Miss Holmes's novel. Uncle, nephew, niece, friend—everyone's "love-story seems to be going on at the same time, and yet to be individually important, and to some extent woven into the others.' This indicates some cleverness on the author's part; and indeed there is much attraction in the book, and very sincere feeling.]

HOWARTH, ANNA.—Nora Lester, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

HUME, FERGUS.—The Pagan's Cup, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[Mr. Hume gives us here a country story, with legend and superstition to set it off. There is a terrible amount of villany in it, and secrets, and trials. But, as Mr. Morven said with, perhaps, more applicability than novelty, "After the storm comes the calm." The wedding is in the last chapter.]

HUME, FERGUS.—Woman: The Sphinx, 6/- ..... *John Long*
[A lurid tale, told in Mr. Fergus Hume's well-known graphic style, with mystery as one of its chief interests.]

HYNE, C. J. CUTCLIFFE.—Mr. Horrocks: Purser, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

JAMESON, EVA.—When the Dream is Past, 6/- ..... *Nisbet*

KNIGHT, ALFRED E.—Under Cloister Stones, 3/6 *Hurst & Blackett*
[A thrilling, sensational tale of buried treasure in the seventeenth century. The romance is ingenious, and is dedicated to Mr. Watts-Dunton.]

LEES, ROBERT JAMES.—Through the Mists, 6/- ..... *John Long*

LINN, JAMES WEBER.—The Second Generation, 6/- ... *Macmillan*
[A novel of journalistic life in Chicago; illuminating as to journalistic and financial methods, but warning as to their results.]

LODGE, MRS.—The Rector's Temptation, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[The cleric again appears as hero, a mere human, attracted by false metal, and buffeted by circumstance. We see him, however, calm, and certain of his heart in the last chapter; and as regards the true metal, "it is enough to relate the fact that Bella at length gave her hand to the Rev. Peter Hawksley [the buffeted hero], on whom she had bestowed the pure, unselfish love of her guileless heart long before." So that was all right.]

MELVILLE, LEWIS.—In the World of Mimes, 6/- ..... *Greening*
[A pleasantly written story of theatrical life; vivacious and life-like by reason of its spirited characters and professional details. It is shrewdly observed, and the world and the stage are both described with facility.]

NELSON, H. ARNOLD.—Green Barley. Illustrated. 3/6 *Ward, Lock*
[Mr. Nelson has a weakness for wrapping up his meaning in many words when he gives himself time; as, for instance, "In his despotic mind the autocrat, democrat, plutocrat, king, and high-priest of Glen Lurgan, and all absolute power and authority wielded therein, were intensely analogous to the ninth letter of the alphabet, and in the very quintessence of oligarchy that ninth letter represented Mr. Baird." That means that Mr. Baird thought a good deal of himself and his power, and acted accordingly. When, however, the author has to give his attention to quickly moving events, he uses more direct language, and tells a racy and realistic Australian story with spirit and plenty of colour.]

PEMBERTON, MAX.—I Crown Thee King, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

RANGER-GULL, C.—The Adventures of Ulysses, 6d. ..... *Greening*
[A concise rendering in simple English of the story of the Odyssey, dedicated to the "Ulysses" of Her Majesty's Theatre.]

SAGON, AMYOT.—Dick Dashwood. Illustrated. 3/6 *Ward, Lock*
[The author knows his duty. He recognises that there must be thrills and wild moments in the chronicle of a boy squatter, and he gives them. "The heavy thud of many hoofs shook the earth, and awoke the deathly stillness of the scrub." "No fear! sleep well! To-morrow you will awake to find yourself master of the Bulloomong station, which your son, Dick Dashwood, the boy squatter, has kept in order for you all these years." That is the style! Entirely correct.]

SATCHELL, WILLIAM.—The Land of the Lost, 6/- ..... *Methuen*

SERGEANT, ADELINE.—The Master of Beechwood, 6/- ... *Methuen*
[One day, when even John Effingham's hope was almost gone, he threw his pickaxe from him on that desolate Australian land, and found it embedded in gold. Then events followed swiftly, including an inheritance in England and a mistake in love. Miss Sergeant may be confidently trusted to make the most of her rich material.]

SIENKIEWICZ, HENRYK.—The Knights of the Cross, 3/6 ..... *Sands*

SPEIGHT, T. W.—As It Was Written, 6/- ..... *Chatto*
[A story with a real plot and plenty of incident, which begins with a shoemaker, Karl Schenkel, who discovers one day that he has long been suffering wrongs, and feels it incumbent on him to shoot a very harmless and amiable Grand Duke. The story ends after many vicissitudes, with the building of a hospital, with the money of, and in memory of, this same "crack-brained fanatic." The author displays his accustomed facility in weaving his romance.]

STOCKTON, FRANK R.—Kate Bonnet, 6/- ..... *Cassell*

SUTCLIFFE, HALLIWELL.—Mistress Barbara Cunliffe, 6/- *Fisher Unwin*

SUTRO, ALFRED.—Women in Love, 6/- ..... *George Allen*

TYTLER, SARAH.—Atonement by Proxy, 6/- ..... *Digby, Long*
[The story of a girl who inherited great wealth from her father, a harsh, hard banker, and then attempted restitution for the old man's plunderings. The history of the attempts are sometimes pathetic, sometimes humorous. In the end Miss Holt, an old friend and schoolmistress, sums up the matter: "This is what Oliver Latimer has made of her life; she has given half her substance away, and she is going to marry a man whom the world will never cease to brand. What a wedding for me to dance my last at! But . . . when she comes to lie on her dying bed . . . there may be a smile on her lips, for surely she has saved a soul from death and covered a multitude of sins."]

VAN DYKE, HENRY.—A Lover of Music, 6/- ..... *Newnes*

VOGEL, HARRY B.—Gentleman Garnet, 6/- ..... *Smith, Elder*

VON HUTTEN, BARONESS.—Miss Carmichael's Conscience, 2/6 *Pearson*
[Miss Carmichael's conscience was a very little one, but there was enough of it to prevent her being entirely treacherous to her friend. Yet why this fact should be recorded concerning a very ordinary kind of flirt we have failed to find out.]

WESTALL, W.—The Old Bank, 6/- ..... *Chatto*
[The story here is quite good enough for the ordinary purposes of fiction, but it seems a pity that a writer of Mr. Westall's reputation should grow so careless of workmanship as he shows himself here, or be content with such commonplace reading of character. He has better work behind this.]

WILLIAMS, ERNEST E.—An Exile in Bohemia, 6/- ..... *Greening*
[Cyril Boyton rashly halted in Hyde Park and listened to a socialist orator; after which he was fired with sympathy for the worker, and disgust for the capitalist; and proved the depth of his feelings by accepting an invitation to the Fraternity Club, which appears to stand, in this volume, for the entrance to Bohemia. There were at least two good persons in Bohemia, and these helped in the long run to pull the wretched Cyril back to the ordinary, middle-class condition which was not so worthy of scorn as it had seemed. But exciting trials came first. And the moral is obvious.]

WILLIAMSON, MRS. C. N.—The Silent Battle, 6/- *Hurst & Blackett*
[A story of theatrical life, and some of the powers that work for good and ill behind the scenes. A six-foot hero of the "bronze statue" order, who might have played a part, without extra make-up, in a drama of the Wild West, enters into the story, and while seeking for vengeance, plays the part of protector at important crises. Sensational incidents are handled capably, and the "silent battle" ends with a very proper victory.]

YOXALL, J. H., M.P.—The Girl from St. Agneta's, 3/6 *Ralph, Holland & Co.*
[The Reverend Principal of St. Agneta's College for Schoolmistresses, in spite of his lectures, his spectacles, and his end-of-term sermon on the Renunciation of Love, was only thirty-six, and in love with Margery Vine, a student, and the daughter of a farrier. The chronicle of girls' ways and man's love plunges quite swiftly into mystery, and seemingly into murder, and the Reverend Principal does not confine himself to his clerical duties. A straight-ahead tale, ending with a blush.]

NEW EDITIONS.

AINSWORTH, WILLIAM HARRISON.—St. James's. Windsor Edition. 2/6 net ..... *Gibbings*
ALLEN, GRANT.—Dr. Palliser's Patient, 3d. ..... *Leng & Co.*
ANSTEY, F.—Lyre and Lancet, 2/6 ..... *Smith Elder*
BLACK, WILLIAM.—The Handsome Humes, 2/- *Low, Marston & Co.*
CERVANTES.—Don Quixote. Translated by Motteux. Thin Paper Edition. 3/6 net ..... *Newnes*
CERVANTES.—Exemplary Novels. Vol. I. 1/- net *Gowans & Gray*
COMPTON, HERBERT.—A Free Lance in a Far Land, 2/6 *Anthony Treherne*
CRAIK, MRS.—John Halifax, Gentleman, 1/6 & 2/- net ... *Treherne*
[Some words of very sincere praise are due to Messrs. Treherne for their new series of reprints, so attractive in themselves and so enterprising both in title and price. The initial volume, containing Mrs. Craik's masterpiece, comes to us in two forms—in plain dark red linen, and in dark green limp leather, with a small gold crown at the top corner as their sole decoration; the effect is simple and in excellent taste. The whole of the long novel is included in one handy volume, slim, pocket-size, printed in clear, bold type on thin, opaque paper, with frontispiece and book marker. It is scarcely credible that those pretty, well bound volumes may be had at such a moderate price. They are a pleasure to hold and to read from. "Pride and Prejudice," "The Last Days of Pompeii," and other classics are to follow in the same series.]
DICKENS, CHARLES.—A Tale of Two Cities, 3/6 ..... *Macmillan*
DOYLE, A. CONAN.—The Tragedy of the Korosko, 6d. ..... *Newnes*
FERRIER, SUSAN.—Marriage. Edited by A. Goodrich-Freer. With Critical Notices by Walter, Earl of Iddesleigh. 2 Vols. Little Library Series. 3/- net ..... *Methuen*
POST, MELVILLE DAVISSON.—Dwellers in the Hills, $1.25 *Putnams*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—The Abbot. 2 Vols. Edinburgh Waverley. 6/- net each ..... *T. C. & E. C. Jack*
SCOTT, SIR WALTER.—Waverley. Edited by E. E. Smith. (School Reader). 1/- net ..... *A. & C. Black*
SMART, HAWLEY.—A False Start, 6d. ..... *Ward, Lock*
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.—Barry Lyndon. Authorised Edition. 3/- net ..... *Dent*
THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE.—The History of Henry Esmond, 3/6 ..... *Macmillan*
TOLSTOY, LEO, AND N. KOSTAMAROFF.—Forty Years. 3d. *Free Age Press*
ZOLA, EMILE.—Thérèse Raquin. Translated by Edward Vizetelly. 3/6 ..... *Grant Richards*

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